

*Sex Spies of Yonchon*

**DEATH MARCH: 1853**

# TRUE WAR

July 35¢

ACE

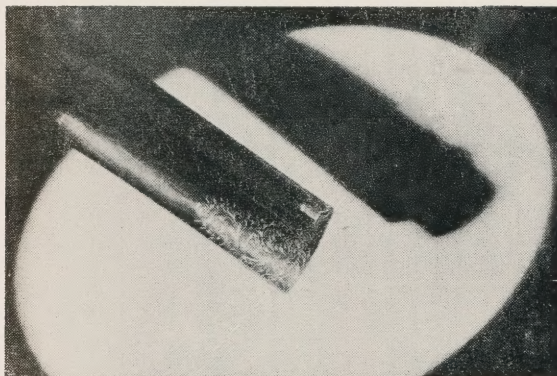
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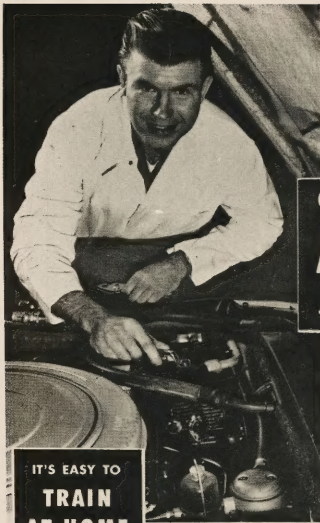
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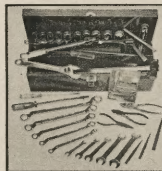
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## BABES AND BOOZE

(YOU NEVER HAD 'EM SO GOOD)

What do you remember most about your days in uniform? The chicken spit? The lousy chow? Combat? The dirt and the fear, the loneliness and the boredom? Well, if you're anything like the three ex-GI's of 1,000 Nights of Babes and Booze, and the chances are you are like them, what you remember most are the good times. You remember the crazy drunks and the women of a dozen different towns, the unspoken friendship of a bunch of guys thrown into a war together: you remember how it felt to wear a uniform then and be damn cocky about that shoulder patch, too. Recall those days now with this TRUE WAR special.



### ALSO



**Slaughter in Frostbite Bulge:** Ten days earlier the 315th had been living it up in Texas. Now they were dying in the freezing hell of Hatten, trying to hold back a desperate Kraut gamble. Story on page 14.

The brass in Korea couldn't understand it. The Reds seemed to know every move we made; they had our lines taped right down to the last slit trench. Then somebody began wondering about that "Special Service" blonde . . . See Sex Spies of Yonchon, on page 28.

### Sex Spies



### Bloody Path of the Golden Arrow

It took a little while for the ground pounders of the 8th Division to get into the ETO act, but once they did, they tore into the Krauts with a vengeance, leaving a bloody trail of Nazi corpses. The book length saga starts on page 35.

# TRUE WAR

July, 1958

A Magnum Magazine

Volume 2, Number 5

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6



## Sex Best Years of Your Lives

# 1,000 NIGHTS OF

It was a lousy war and a lousy army and you hated every minute of it. But when

# BABES AND BOOZE

it came to the babes — you never had it so good

By Seth Briggins

"SO THERE I was, flat on my back in this hospital in gay Patee," Artie was saying between gulps of his beer, "and this wound I got is a real picture. I mean it was bad enough to get me shipped back to a base hospital, but not so bad I had to worry about coming out of it, you know what I mean?"

George and I nodded. We knew what he meant, all right.

Artie took another swipe at the beer, licked his lips, and then his eyes went dreamy again. "Six weeks I was in that hospital. Man, was that a six weeks! The first two it wasn't so hot because they had to operate to get some shrapnel out of my leg and I couldn't get around much. But even then, man . . . the food was great, the medics were sneakin' in hooch if you wanted to buy it,

and there were nurses . . ."

Artie rolled his eyes.

"After the first two weeks they let me out a couple hours during the day for fresh air and a little exercise. Man, I don't know what you two guys ever heard about Paris, but I tell you whatever you heard ain't half the truth. What was going on in that town! And I don't mind tellin' you that walking around limping on that bum leg the way I was didn't hurt me one bit, either. I tell you, between the nurses and the Special Service stuff and them ma'mselles, I mean, man, I didn't know whether to squat or go blind. You know what I mean?"

We sighed. Yeah, we knew what he meant, all right.

Artie belched and patted his belly, bulging over his beltline. "I tell you, I never had it so good as in them



MICARELLI

# You were a regular goddam hero then and nothing was too good for you . . . you lived like an animal . . . and loved like one

days," he said.

The three of us were silent for a moment then, each thinking his own thoughts, and all of the memories pretty much the same.

Yeah, that's the way it was, all right. That's just the way it was. It was a lousy, stinking army and you hated it. But maybe you never had it so good, either. And maybe you'll never have it so good again—God willing.

You hated it from the moment you stepped off the ferry at the reception center, still in your civvies, and some snot nosed Pfc five years younger than you growled that you were in the army now and get you tail movin' down to the warehouse and draw your equipment . . . for four days it was shots in the arm and garbage details and GI parties when you scrubbed the barracks' floor on your hands and knees . . . basic training, all chicken spit and marching, marching, marching, everything on the double and the whole company is restricted to barracks for fouling up the detail this afternoon . . .

Yeah, it was all that and overseas, too. You were always cold, you were always wet, you were always dirty, you were always hungry, you were always getting shelled and shot at, you were always . . . aah, you were always something worth bitching about.

But it was funny, sitting there, three strangers, Artie and George and me. We remembered all that, but we remembered all the other things, too, and it was the other things that we were so eager to talk about: the passes and the furloughs, the dames of a dozen different cities, the crazy drunks you went on, the air of wartime excitement everywhere you went, the way people looked at you when you wore a uniform then . . .

Yeah . . . The GI Jive, Rosie the Riveter, Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition . . . you were a regular goddam hero then and nothing was too good for you . . . yeah, maybe we never had it so good, is right.

Well, it was a long way to look back over a glass of beer. Thirteen years since the war'd been over. Thirteen years ago me and Artie and George didn't even know each other existed. Matter of fact, we didn't know it 13 hours ago, either.

We'd met just a few hours before, standing on line waiting to sign for unemployment insurance, of all things. It was a long line and a long wait. Most of the guys waiting seemed to be about my age—vets, too, I figured—and everybody was obviously feeling pretty lousy about the whole thing. Then the guy in front of me got a laugh by yelling out, "Hey, let's get the troops out of the hot sun!"

It was a familiar enough gag, and I followed it up with, "Hurry up and wait, hurry up and wait!"

A guy on the next line leaned out and yelled, "Hey, what's for chow today guys, S.O.S. again?"

"Just think," the guy behind me said, "If I'da stayed in the Army, I coulda had 16 years in by now, and be a topkick sure. In four more years I coulda retired on half pay." He shook his head.

I turned around and grinned at him. "Don't let your

wife hear you say that, buddy."

The guy grunted. "She's been hearing me say it for 10 years."

I laughed, and the other guys around us laughed, and for a moment there was the old feeling in the air. You know, the way it was sometimes, the way guys felt who'd spent a lot of time together in the Army. It was a kind of unspoken friendly feeling, camaraderie I guess is the fancy name for it.

WHATEVER it was called, it was a good feeling, a man's feeling, one that women never feel and can't even understand, for the most part.

"What outfit were you in?" the same guy asked me.

"Red One," I said.

The guy stuck his hand out. "Ninth Armored."

Then the guy in front of me piped in. "No wonder you guys are homesick for the Army. You never had it so good. Now if you wanted to have some rough stuff you guys should have been with us gung-ho guys in the Pacific."

"Hah!" I laughed. "A glory boy. A gyrene, yet!"

"F.A. right, man," he said proudly. "The pogeysait Sixth."

By the time we'd reached the interviewer where we signed for unemployment checks, we'd gone through the whole Army vs. Marine Corps battle; the so-you-think-you-had-it-rough routine, including basic, sergeants, combat, passes, and all.

After we'd all signed, I made a suggestion. "Whatta you say we continue this argument over a beer?" I said.

The beers and the quiet dimness of the bar mellowed us quickly, and the discussion got down to the real nostalgia of the good olds days in uniform.

"Jeez, I'll never forget my first pass out of basic," Artie began. "A bunch of us took the bus into Columbus. The one in Georgia, not Ohio. It was the kind of town that used to have signs out before the war, 'No dogs or soldiers allowed,' you know what I mean?"

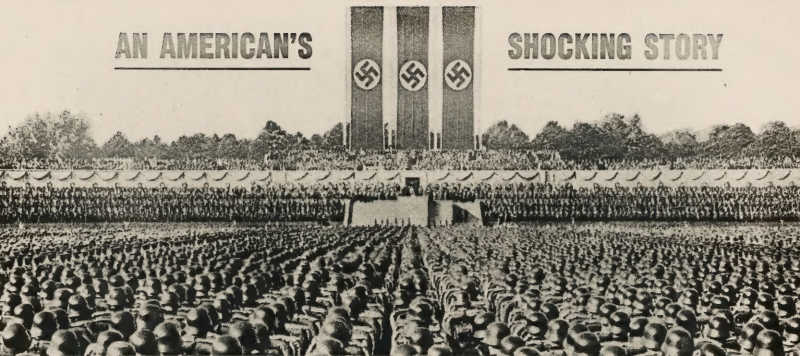
"Well, we charged off that bus and swarmed all over the main streets, lookin' for chicks, and don't you think they weren't waitin' for us, either. Me and a buddy see these two cute little rebel gals waiting on line to get in a movie, and we slip right into line behind 'em and give 'em the old shinola, you know what I mean?"

"It don't take two minutes the four of us are headin' for a bar. We must have hit three or four after that first joint, and I mean we were really rollin'. These chicks were high and hot, and every place we'd hit we'd snuggle into a booth in the back and love it up a little."

"Finally I gave them the pitch, you know?—and this blonde with that cute southern accent tells me okay, we can go to her house, but her folks'll be back from the movies in a coupla hours."

"And she wasn't kiddin', either, because we're there maybe an hour or so and I'm just ready to take a deep breath and start all over again when we hear the front door open. I tell you

(Continued on page 46)



# Why I Fought for the Nazis

By George Gottfried Schneider

Ex-unteroffizier, 83rd Waffen SS Battlegroup

IT WAS INCREDIBLY easy to kill them. The badly-trained, ill-disciplined French *poilus* floundered across the open field, bunched stupidly into a mass that presented a perfect target.

I didn't even have to sight the machinegun. I glanced at the *offizier* crouching beside me. He gave a curt nod. I swiveled the barrel of the weapon, gripped the handles—and opened fire.

The Frenchmen went down like wheat cut by a scythe. The bullets hosing from the muzzle of my weapon tore into them and sent them staggering and crumpling to earth. It was all over in a few seconds—before I'd used up the whole belt of ammunition.

Two or three of the *poilus* were still alive. They lay where they'd fallen, kicking and thrashing—and screaming. . . .

It was June 3, 1940—and I, *Gefreiter*—Corporal—George Schneider, American citizen, had fired my first shots for Germany and the *Fuhrer*.

Strange? Not at all. I was born an American citizen—and raised and educated in New York City. U. S. A. Yet, in 1939 I enlisted in the armed forces of the Third German *Reich*.

I fought in the 1940 campaign in France and on the Eastern Front as a member of the 83rd Special Purpose Battlegroup of the *Waffen SS*. I was twice wounded, earned the Iron Cross First Class, and attained the rank of *unteroffizier*.

In short, I am an American who served in the German armed forces for Adolf Hitler and the Nazi cause.

I was not the only one. There were nearly 200 of us in the *Waffen SS* alone. Others were members of the *Wehrmacht* and *Luftwaffe*. The most famous of these latter individuals was the son of Fritz Kuhn, the leader of the German-American Bund. Young Kuhn was killed while parachuting from his blazing aircraft on the Russian front.

We were all American citizens who lost their citizenship because we chose to fight for Germany. Were we traitors? Hardly. Certainly no more so than the Americans who enlisted in the RAF before Pearl Harbor. We all joined the military services (Continued on page 54)

Unteroffizier Schneider (circle) received the Iron Cross for gallantry in action, from Hitler himself. The photo, sent by author, was in German magazine.



# THEY ATE MY BUDDIES' FLESH

I'd heard the stories about the hunger-crazed Japs around Buna. But I didn't believe them. Then I saw it happen, right in front of my eyes

**T**WENTY-FOUR HOURS isn't much time, measured in the span of a man's life. The sun comes up, goes down, and comes up again. Another day. But when you're lying wounded in a clump of *kunai* grass watching a bunch of Japs torture your buddies to death and then eat the raw, bleeding flesh from their bodies, 24 hours is a long, long time.

Our patrol went out at dawn. Seven of us from Col. Jen Doe's 163rd Infantry, the first regiment of the 41st Division to hit New Guinea. It was a lousy place to fight, New Guinea, under any conditions, and in the fall of 1942 conditions were lousy. We didn't know how to keep healthy in the jungle, and we didn't know how to stay alive. We didn't know how to outJap the Japs in jungle fighting yet. We didn't have the weapons, either.

But we pushed them over the Owen Stanley Mountains and back from Port Moresby, with our artillery a bunch of Australian 25-pounders that couldn't dent a helmet, much less a Jap coconut log pillbox. One lousy

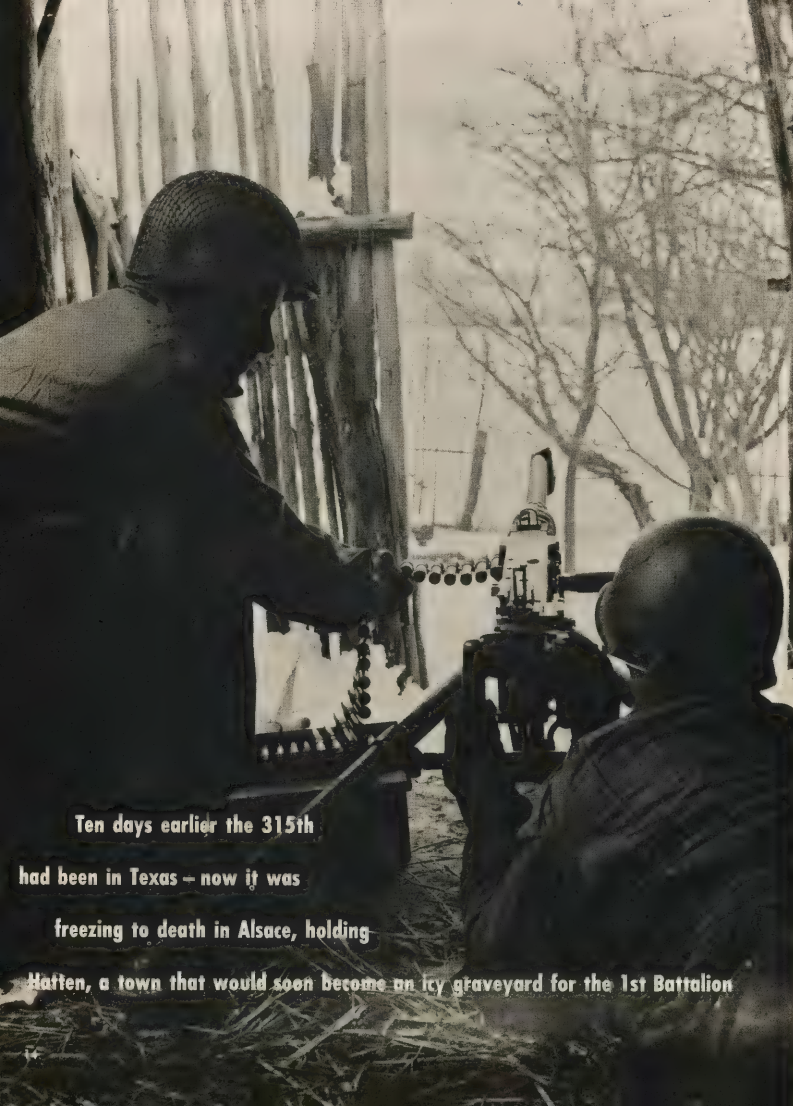
U.S. 105 was in use then. We pushed foot by foot through the rain forests and the reeking swamps. A sniper could pick a man off from 15 feet away and nobody'd even spot him, that's how thick it was in New Guinea.

The 163rd came over in early January to pitch in with the 32nd Division and the Aussie 7th, and took over the area on the west bank of the Gurua River. It was one sonofabitch, you can ask anybody who was on Guinea and went on from there. Biak, Leyte, Luzon, Okinawa. They all stank. None of it was any good. But Guinea was the worst, for my money.

It wasn't a war, the way we imagined a war was. You could have shoved all the stateside maneuvers up a stovepipe, for all they did us. Strategy? Tactics? Battalion operations? The Big Picture?

The Big Picture on Guinea, buddies, was about six feet in all directions. The global war was brought down to squad level here. You (Continued on page 63)

By Claude Sampsom

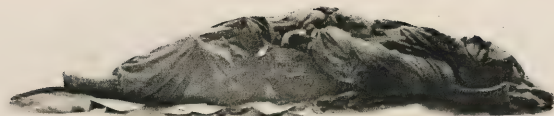


Ten days earlier the 315th

had been in Texas — now it was

freezing to death in Alsace, holding

Hatten, a town that would soon become an icy graveyard for the 1st Battalion



# SLAUGHTER IN FROSTBITE BULGE

By Gus Hellenhart



**A**T 0530 IT CAME.

It started with a shrill scream. Then the air shook and groaned, and the earth buckled and shivered, and the blasts of shell bursts flickered orange against the snow.

The German 170mm projectiles plowed into the village of Hatten like clockwork: six every fifteen seconds. The

ground blistered open in pockmarks five feet across. Walls crumbled. Roofs blew off.

Pfc. John Hengfer cowered in his fox hole, freezing and afraid. His fingers and toes were lumps without feeling. His nostrils were caked with ice from his breath.

It all seemed so impossible. Just 10 days ago he'd spent a loving weekend with his new bride in San Antonio, Texas. And now he shivered in an icy hole in Alsace, a part of France he'd never heard of until yesterday.

He knew that out in the freezing darkness ahead the Germans were getting ready to attack. That's what the lieutenant had said: there would be some shelling, and then the Krauts would come at dawn.

What Hengfer did not know was that the Germans were about to jump off in the last great frontal steam-roller attack in history—the kind of massed advance that would soon be made impossible by the fantastic nuclear weapons still on drawing boards this January night of 1945.

Nor did Hengfer know that his outfit—the 1st Battalion, 315th Infantry—had been flown to France in a desperate gamble. It was to help fight an almost hopeless rearward action so that the weakened U. S. Seventh Army could regroup along a new line of defense.

This regrouping was necessary. The Seventh Army had been robbed of several divisions that had been

rushed to Belgium at Christmas to fight in the Battle of the Bulge. Now SHAEF expected another German thrust through Alsace, and the thin line had to be held at all costs.

The line was held—thanks to Hengfer and some 500 other men who were to die in one of the bitterest, yet least-known battles of World War II, the Battle of Frostbite Bulge.

The battalion had been deployed in Hatten, mounting machine guns in corner houses, slipping into fox holes inherited from previous occupants. The evening had passed and then the night with its bombardment, and some of the men who had fallen asleep never woke up; they were human icicles by the time the shelling started. The mercury stood at 10 degrees below zero.

The last projectile burst. Now the winter dawn was without shape, a dark whiteness whose paralyzing chill knifed deep into the flesh and sapped a man's last strength. Hengfer's stiffened mittens stuck to the frigid metal of his BAR.

"They're coming! They're coming!" Shril shouts passed down the line.

The men could hear the roar of tanks; they could hear voices in the brittle air and the clanking of metal. But they couldn't see. The snowy world stretched white before their eyes.


They waited and shivered and tried to move their frozen fingers. Every movement was a superhuman effort in the biting cold.

The tank noises came closer. Rifles crackled. Machine guns chattered.

At last, Hengfer and the other men could see the Krauts come across the fields north of the village. Blurred white shapes against a blurred white background. White-painted tanks and men in white parkas. Hundreds of them.

The last great mass assault had begun.

THE WHITE FIGURES CROUCHED (Continued on page 48)

A black and white illustration of a woman standing, wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved dress with a dark belt. She has dark, wavy hair and is looking slightly to the right.

# SHACK-UP HEROES OF BAMBANG CITY

There were four of them, and not one a day over 18. They made Skeeter's last party the best he ever had

By John Bysko

I'VE BEEN thinking a lot about Skeeter Jessup lately.

You know how it is, when you're sitting around late at night sometimes, and there's nothing good on the TV, a guy gets to thinking about his old buddies. And one night I got to thinking about ol' Skeeter, God rest his soul, and about how him and me should have put in for medals for what we did that night on Luzon. Only we were afraid if we told what happened we'd be court-martialed sure, because we shouldn't have been anywhere near that Filipino cat house when the Japs came.

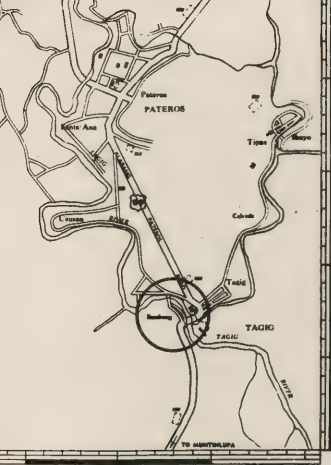
Skeeter and me seen plenty of action together. We were real good fox hole buddies, Skeeter and me, though we weren't much alike. As people, I mean. Skeeter was a Georgia boy, lived in a tar paper shack all his life and didn't know the score from a hole in the ground. The Army wised him up fast, though. Me, I was a wise guy from the beginning, from Houston Street on New York's lower East Side. Know the score? Hell man, we had the score fixed.

By the time Skeeter and me hit Luzon with the First Cav we were a couple of tough bastards. We'd been on Los Negros and Leyte and we'd just as soon kill a Jap as chip a dime in a poker game. Now, of course, I don't have the strength to help the old lady with the dishes, and ol' Skeeter—well, wherever he is, I bet he still don't raise, even with aces wired.

The First Cav went through the Japs like you-know-what through a tin horn—until it hit Manila. That was one bitch of a fight, Manila. We hadn't done any fighting in a big city like that before, and the way the Japs were holed up all over the place, lots of guys were getting knocked off. The bastards were even dug into the grandstand at Rizal



**It was crazy, going to Bambang at night. If the Japs didn't get us, our sentries might**



Stadium, and we came blasting through the center field wall to dig them out. Rizal was a fair sized ball field, and the names of all the guys who ever hit home runs there were painted on the outfield walls where the ball went over.

I was a little busy at the time, so I don't remember all the names, but I remember Lou Gehrig was one, and I remember noticing a Jap's name on the right field wall.

Skeeter and me were snaking through the stands along the first base line at the time, smelling out snipers, and I said to him, "Skeeter, any sawed off Jap who could hit a ball over that wall, I sign him up right now for the Yankees."

Skeeter spit and turned over a dead Jap with the toe of his boot. "Sign up this one, you stupid sunbavitch," he said.

I grinned and was about to answer him when a machine gun opened up somewhere and began chewing up the seats below us. We hit the concrete floor and stopped gabbing.

It was around a week later that we heard about the Blue Moon Cafe in Bambang City. While parts of the First Cav and a couple other U. S. divisions kept mopping up the Japs in Manila, we pulled out and headed east for the Pasig River, which cuts right through Manila and winds around to the southeast. A couple miles out, the Pasig meets with the Marikina and Tagig Rivers. Along the Tagig, about a mile southeast of Fort McKinley, that's Bambang City. Whoever named that town sure knew what he was talking about.

Now, the thing was with Bambang, it was outside our battalion's perimeter area. Technically, I guess, we were in reserve. While the rest of the regiment kept pushing across Luzon, we dug in on the east bank of the Pasig, across the river from the Manila racetrack. We weren't

getting a helluva lot of rest, though, because there were isolated clumps of Japs all over the place, and none of them surrendering, either. So we had to keep up a running system of patrols to flush the bastards out of the jungles and the *barrios*, and every once in a while some crazy Jap would slip through and come charging right into the CP area, hollering *banzais*, and had to be chopped down before he could do any damage.

At night we buttoned down tight, because that's when they'd come sneaking through the lines the most. Anything that moved after the sun went down was meat. That was the craziest part of me and Skeeter going over to Bambang. It was bad enough that we risked getting potted by a Jap right in the middle of . . . well, right in the middle. But we could just as soon have been knocked over by one of our own guys, sneaking around like that in the dark.

Anyway, like I said, Bambang was outside our perimeter. On the couple of patrol tricks me and Skeeter did, our southeast boundary was Guadalupe bridge, where Highway 54 crossed the Pasig River. Bambang was around another three miles to the southeast.

A couple of times we'd cross wires with a patrol that was combing the other side of Highway 54, around Ft. McKinley, and it was these guys one day who told me and Skeeter about Bambang. We were squatting in the brush near the Guadalupe bridge, catching a smoke and shooting the bull, when one of them piped up.

"Hey, how's the stuff on your side of the road?" the guy said. "Any good?"

Me and Skeeter looked at each other, then we looked at the other three guys of our patrol group. We'd heard that some guys had 'been having a ball up north in the local *barrios*, but we figured it was the usual bull being passed down the line.

"No stuff around here," I said to the corporal who'd piped up. "Whatta you got on your side?"

The corporal gave me a wink. "Oh, man," he grinned. "We got the detail, all right. The Old Man can't figure how come so many guys are volunteerin' for patrol."

"Yeah," another guy growled. "And soon as he finds out why, he'll slap the place off limits for sure."

Skeeter snorted. "You guys are just a crock o' bull," he said. "These ain't nothin' around here but Japs and them goddam cariboo."

The corporal winked again. "Maybe so, but if that stuff I had last night was cariboo, I ain't never gonna go back to women."

"Where's it hiding out?" I said.

"There's two places," the corporal said. "Pasig, about a mile down the river, and Bambang City, about another mile and a half due south of that. We got Pasig locked up pretty tight and it's the safest place, but the babes in Bambang—oh, man!" He rolled his eyes.

Skeeter leaned forward. "What's it look like? Good lookin' stuff?"

The corporal rolled his eyes again. "There's four of them working this place (Continued on page 58)



**GUNG HO GAL**



CARLSON'S MARINE raiders started the Gung-ho bit during WW II, and though the gyrenes claim the expression as their exclusive own, TRUE WAR is sure they won't mind lending it to a gal like Jeri Osaki. Aptly, the term was pinned on Jeri by an ex-gyrene, now a top photographer in New York, who claims Jeri is one of the most cooperative, eager beaver type models he's ever had the pleasure of working with. No matter how tough the job—and modeling can get pretty rugged sometimes—Jeri volunteers to do her best.

Jeri's unusual name, incidentally, is an interesting combination derived at by the marriage of a French woman with a Japanese diplomat. Jeri herself was born in Tokyo, and speaks in addition to Japanese and French, a charmingly accented 100 per cent American.

For you egghead types who go for details and statistics, Jeri has black hair and green eyes, is five-three, measures 37-25-35.

The beauty of Eurasian women is literary legend, and Jeri does her part to prove the legend is a real life truth.



Jeri has settled down in New York to study interpretive dancing, meanwhile doing a great job at being a model.



She has had training in traditional Japanese dancing, in the famous Kabuki Theater style, also studied ballet.





Jeri's modeling specialty is posing as a slinky-hipped dame for covers of pocket book mysteries. She's usually pictured with a smoking gun, and, the fact is, Jeri tells us she's a crack pistol shot.



# The week we almost lost the WAR



Gen. Model's plan  
was fiendish in  
its desperation.  
But had it worked,  
tens of thousands  
of GI's would have  
been slaughtered,  
the war perhaps lost

By Donald D. Creighton  
Ex-Major, G-2, U.S. First Army

NAZI POWs nervously blurted out the bits of information during routine interrogation. At first, we thought they were either spreading scare propaganda or trying to ingratiate themselves with us by cooking up fantastic tales and pretending to "warn" us.

Then, as we pieced the items together and compared notes between various G-2 sections, a terrifying picture emerged. In the nick of time, we had learned Adolf Hitler's last, hideous war secret.

It's impossible to estimate how many tens of thousands of American lives were saved because we learned what some officer with a flair for the dramatic tabbed "The Hell Secret of the Ruhr."

One thing is certain. If the secret had remained a secret until First and Ninth Armies launched their final attack in the Rhineland, entire divisions and even Corps would have been annihilated. At that, bloody catastrophe was only averted by the narrowest of margins.

Had the Nazi plan worked, we would have been so weakened in men, morale, and materiel, we would have been practically forced to accept a negotiated peace, or face the prospect of further war for God knows how many more years.

When the few, isolated facts we had at hand were compared and evaluated, the magnitude of the threat facing the two U. S. Field Armies poised along the Rhine became obvious. It was so great that it staggered even hardened intelligence officers, men accustomed to take all information received from enemy sources with sacks—not grains—of salt.

"What do you think, sir?" I asked the grizzly Brigadier General who headed my section when I handed him a report on what we'd learned to date.

"I think this is a matter for top-level consideration!" he snapped, glancing through the documents. "We'll be in damned serious trouble if action isn't taken—and fast!"

In a nutshell, our POW interrogations and G-2 work had uncovered German Field Marshall Walter Model's fantastic plan to turn the entire Ruhr industrial region into a graveyard—for the U. S. First and Ninth Armies!

It was Germany's last, desperate chance. It was a gamble—but a gamble in which the odds could shift heavily against us. Into the Ruhr sector—where stood what remained of the Reich's defense factories and synthetic fuel plants—Model was pouring no less than 300,000 crack, veteran ground troops, an entire *Wehrmacht* Army Group.

This would have been bad enough—but with the American power available, this opposition could have been overcome in time. What made the prospects so grim was the fact that Gen. Model was also concentrating more than 170,000 men of the *Reich flak* command in the region—together with their ack-ack guns!

This is what made intelligence officers' faces turn white. The *flak* force—equipped with more than 3,000 deadly, dual-purpose 88 and 105-millimeter anti-air-

The clock has stopped forever for this Nazi sniper, killed by GI's of the 1st Division on the outskirts of Padeborn.

**More than 3,000 guns, 88's and 105's, were being readied by the Krauts for a last stand in the Ruhr. It would have been murder to attack into them**



Advance elements of the 3rd Armored Division pick their way cautiously through smoke covered ruins of Padeborn.

craft guns and supplied with sufficient ammunition—could ring the Ruhr with fire that would wipe out assaulting American formations.

"Good God!" exclaimed a high-ranking artillery expert. "That firepower added to their normal field artillery batteries will make the Ruhr impregnable. The Krauts will be able to hold out there for months—forever. It'll be the greatest concentration of artillery in history!"

VERIFICATION of our estimates—and confirmation of our worst fears—came from radio intercepts and air observation. Our eavesdropping radio listening posts picked up frantic messages being exchanged between Nazi General Model's headquarters and the central *Wehrmacht* command. When decoded, these messages revealed the details of movements funneling ack-ack units toward the Ruhr from all over the Reich. There were other communications concerning the stock-piling of shells—several hundreds of rounds for each gun.

Aerial observation reported unusually large convoy movements toward the Ruhr cities of Duisburg, Düsseldorf, Cologne. The massing of men and weapons by the enemy was getting underway. Immediate steps were necessary to prevent the concentrations from being completed.

The first blows aimed at disrupting the Nazi plans would have to be delivered from the air. Top-level emergency conferences between ground force and AAF and RAF commanders brought immediate results.

Although it was no simple matter to divert air-power from other sectors and targets, the higher echelons arranged for mass-raids on the Ruhr. The region had been

Medics of the Big Red One load a dead GI onto a stretcher (background) while a tank destroyer rolls up the road past burning U.S. tank.



A light machine gun crew draws a bead on houses believed hiding Nazi defenders.



well worked over by both RAF and AAF since the beginning of the war, but now it was subjected to merciless round-the-clock bombardments.

We saw the squadrons and wings—and entire air fleets—passing overhead, hour after hour. The overwhelming raids were aimed against road nets, rail lines, marshalling yards, supply dumps, factories. Thousands of aircraft roared in. In a single three day period, the Ruhr was pounded and plastered by bombs dropped in no less than 40,000 combat sorties!

The thunder of the blasting bombs shook the earth. Although we were many miles from the center of the target areas, we heard the explosions continue for days. At night, the glare of the burning cities threw huge curtains of red-orange light high into the air. Above it all, the drone of aircraft engines continued without pause.

"There'll be nothing left," one of my men shook his head. "There won't be a Kraut left alive . . ."

"Don't kid yourself," I replied. "They'll be hurt—and hurt badly, but there will still be plenty of them waiting in the ruins and rubble."

The raids were just what was needed to mess up the enemy plans and throw *der Feldmarschall's* timetable completely out of gear. It gave us the breathing spell we required for shuffling units around preparatory to the big push. We also had the chance to formulate ways and means of wrecking the Nazi dream of a death-stand in the Ruhr.

To understand clearly what the First and Ninth Armies faced, one must appreciate fully the deadly threat of massed defensive fire from the flak command's guns. German anti-aircraft artillery, of both 88 and 105-millimeter caliber, was designed for especially accurate

and rapid flat-trajectory fire. The guns were made so that they could be used "high"—against aircraft—and, their barrels cranked down and leveled off, against troops and tanks.

Now, the 3,000 or so flak weapons that Model intended to use in beefing up the Ruhr defense represented a phenomenal artillery potential. Added to the regular field artillery weapons organic to the German divisions, corps and attached to the Army Group, the ack-ack batteries could ring the Ruhr defensive positions with an unbreachable wall of steel and high explosive. Entire armored divisions would be swallowed up in the raging inferno when we attacked. If the enemy succeeded in concentrating even part of this firepower in the Ruhr, our offensive might well meet with crushing failure.

TO COUNTER this threat, special measures had to be taken even at staff levels. Ordinary staff work would not be enough.

Intelligence teams, designed to operate with—or even ahead of—the armored spearheads driving into the Ruhr were quickly formed.

"The region must be sealed off so that the weapon reinforcements can't get where they're going," we were told. "Your teams will travel with the assault elements. It'll be your job to seek out any signs of ack-ack movements or concentrations and feed the data back to Army. This will enable split-second air-ground coordination to prevent the Krauts from carrying out Model's scheme. . . ."

I was placed in charge of one of the teams. It consisted of two lieutenants, two (Continued on page 56)

## KOREA'S TOP SECRET SCANDAL

# THE SEX SPIES OF YONCHON

The Reds had our lines and emplacements taped – right down to the CO's private slit trench. It drove G-2 crazy, until somebody got to wondering about that blonde

By Mike Finnigan

THERE WERE MANY female Communist spies in Korea. Countless numbers of them worked in the dreary, squalid brothels of Pusan, Taegu, Yongdongpo and Chunchon. They picked up what "secrets" they could glean from the woman-hungry soldiers of the UN Forces fighting in the country.

There were also Red sympathizers among the washerwomen, the gaunt-faced *Mama-sans* who plodded along the roads—and sometimes crossed the lines to report to their Commie bosses.

All this is known to any man who served in Korea between 1950 and 1953. Soldiers of all nations making up the United Nations army were warned constantly to keep their mouths shut about military matters around Korean women.

It's a safe bet that the Reds didn't get much information of value through these female "agents." The average GI who frequented a Korean house of ill-repute did

so solely of grim, physical necessity. There wasn't much small talk from the time he entered the door until he left.

The other women had even less luck. Troops would pause long enough to slip them a few hundred won or a can of rations to feed to the hungry-looking children they carried on their backs. To talk about troop dispositions or terrain features with the weary *Mama-sans* was too ludicrous a thought.

Yet, unknown save to a very few American soldiers, the Communists did—at one point—employ female spies who out *Mata Hari'd* *Mata Hari*. And, in the story of how they operated and what they did, lies the hottest, most tightly-kept secret of the Korean conflict.

The story is still touchy—damned touchy. It has angles and ramifications that created repercussions far beyond the battlefronts of Frozen Chosen.

The story begins in mid-1952, along the west-central front, where some of the bloodiest of the hill battles, the struggles for commanding terrain features, took place.

Most of the really "big" battles—actions involving thousands of men—occurred in 1950 and 1951. By late 1951, the Korean War had tapered off into a grinding stalemate, a seemingly purposeless waiting-war in which battles were limited to artillery duels and occasional sharp encounters between platoon and company-sized patrols.

The opposing lines were fairly stable. UN and Chinese forces were dug in along

(Continued on page 50)



## Why the RUSSIANS are winning the MISSILE RACE

By Robert Penrod

**While our own troops watched and egged them on, Russian agents calmly walked off with the Nazi 'super weapon' secrets!**

IN THE SUMMER of 1950, while vacationing in Austria, I ran by accident into a situation that gave the hotfoot to intelligence agents all over Europe. The whole thing was very mysterious and didn't make much sense right then, but it started to make sense a couple of years later when the Russians began talking in terms of guided missiles, and it makes a lot of sense now with their Sputniks overhead.

I was in a little lake resort, called Altaussee, when word flashed through the village that somebody had stumbled on a corpse.

The body had been found by an occupational GI and his blond girl friend, out for a lonely walk under the sheer waste face of the Trisselwand Mountain where it spills down to the lake. The man's face was smashed beyond recognition; first it looked as though he'd fallen down the mountain side. But his few other scratches didn't jibe with that theory. It seemed much more likely he'd been hit on the head with a rock.

How come then that dried blood and chunks of congealed brain were stuck to a 101-ton boulder beside the path? Nobody could lift that thing.

There was only one answer: somebody — most likely a couple of real strong guys — had picked up the man while he was still alive and screaming; they'd swung him high over their heads, and then smashed him down on the big rock. His skull had cracked open and his life squished out. A highly unusual way of getting rid of somebody, trying to make his death look like a climbing accident.

I am a newspaperman by trade; unusual crimes interest me. So, just for the hell of it, I had a look at the stripped corpse. And I got a real shock. I thought I knew who it was, though I'd never seen the man before.

Central Europe is a small world. Five years earlier, just after the fall of Germany, when I was still working for the Office of Strategic Services, I'd seen the description of a man we were looking for because word was out that he knew where die-hard Nazis had stashed away some of their most treasured possessions just before we walked in.

These hidden treasures included designs and blueprints of experimental weapons, valuable paintings, gold, jewelry and printing plates for forging foreign currency.

The man who supposedly knew where this stuff was hoarded for future use was one Gerwild Bechert, a man without loyalties, a greedy international spy always ready to sell out to the highest bidder.

The notorious Bechert had been born in Yugoslavia in 1898. He first showed up in the dossiers of intelligence agencies as working for the Greeks in his native country. Later he spied for the Italians and worked as an *agent provocateur* for Dollfuss in Austria. Then

## For five years we had the secrets – and didn't know it!

he switched over to working for the Nazis.

He was described as a small, thin-lipped man who wore thick glasses and weighed only 145 pounds. He was also supposed to have a most unusual scar, inflicted by a policeman's saber during a riot in Yugoslavia: the scar ran from his right shoulder all the way down to his right thigh.

The dead man on the slab in Altaussee was about the right size and he had just such a scar.

But what would a bastard like Bechert be doing in a peaceful place like this?

According to what I remembered, intelligence reports said that fat young women were Bechert's only known weakness. He enjoyed biting their heavy thighs and other bulging areas. Strictly an indoor sport. No—if this was Bechert (but maybe he wasn't?), he hadn't come here for fresh air and relaxation. It had to be for something else.

ON A HUNCH, I went to the nearest private telephone and called a man I knew who worked for G-2 in Salzburg, the headquarters for our occupation troops in Austria then and just a loud yodel away from Altaussee.

I told him about my hunch. He said he'd drive right down.

That was the end of it as far as I was concerned. Because a few days later the village was overrun by intelligence officers—American, British and French—and all hell broke loose. And it's unfortunately only in novels that amateurs like myself, even when they are ex-OSS, are let in on such goings-on.

Some things, however, are difficult to keep entirely quiet. Especially in a small village, and especially if it has something to do with something very exciting that

had happened publicly in the village just a few days ago. We'll get to what this was a little later, except that what had happened leaked out, of course, and made big headlines in the European press.

For what had happened made it obvious that *for five years we'd literally been sitting on the secret of how to build accurate intercontinental killer rockets, and then we'd unwittingly allowed the Reds to yank it out from under us!*

But let's piece this fantastic, hair-raising story together the way intelligence operatives must have done after they'd made sure the corpse was really Gerwild Bechert.

The story starts back in 1942, several years before Bechert got involved in it, and then tried to take advantage of the situation to gamble for the biggest stake of his life.

The scene was Peenemünde, biggest of the supersecret Nazi experimental stations for the development of "Victory" weapons.

Here, Hitler's top scientists worked on gadgets that could have turned the tide of the war against us if the Germans hadn't gotten fouled up in their production priorities.

Wernher von Braun, a brilliant young German engineer with the unconventional imagination of a science fiction fan, had sparked the initial work on rocket bombs, and this work was progressing in full swing.

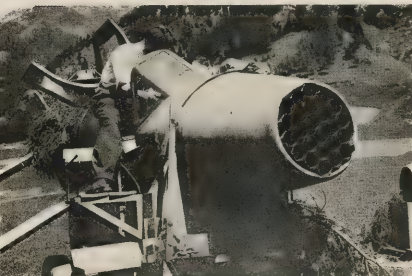
Powered by a mixture of alcohol and liquid oxygen, one of the first experimental models blasted off from a concrete launching pad one day, rose hesitantly and then raced into the sky. As planned, it slanted its pointed snout toward the Baltic Sea where it could crash without endangering anybody. But suddenly the missile wobbled.



The U.S. got some Nazi weapon secrets after the war when an SS man revealed the location of a cave near Prague, containing 32 boxes of documents. Above left, Capt. Stephen Richards talks to Czech soldiers and civilian; right, removing boxes.



Nazi secret weapons in preparation at end of war were (above) a V-4 bomb and (below) a manned, rocket-firing interceptor fighter shot skyward from a catapult ramp.



It performed a graceful loop, and dived hell-for-leather at a group of watching Nazi bigshots.

The end result—a messy mixture of sour Krauts, roasted meat and molten metal—proved a long suspected point: that a gyroscopic steering mechanism wasn't accurate enough; that the missile had to be directed by an electronic brain coupled to its power unit; an electronic brain whose intelligence had to increase in proportion to the range of the bomb.

So while von Braun and his bright boys continued to work on the body and propulsion unit of the ballistic missile at Pennemünde, other experts got busy on the electronic brain. They did their top secret work under the direction of the scientific command at Hillersleben, in western Germany.

Von Braun eventually came up with the jet-propelled, pilotless V-1, more popularly known as the buzz bomb, and the V-2, first supersonic intermediate range rocket missile, still gyroscopically controlled and just barely accurate enough to hit London—and explode violently—from 200 miles range.

The Russians took Pennemünde toward the end of

the war, and with it they grabbed the know-how of rocket propulsion and construction. Von Braun and a few others managed to escape and they are now working for Uncle Sam. But what the Russians didn't get—then—and we didn't get either was the long-range homing control mechanism necessary for accurate launching and flight.

American GI's were the ones who had stormed into Hillersleben. The footsloggers were followed by scientific scavengers, men from our top universities and research laboratories. One of these men, Lt. Col. John A. Keck of Pittsburgh, chief of Allied technical intelligence on German weapons, emerged shuddering from the secret Nazi files at Hillersleben a few weeks later and held a press conference.

"What we found here," he told reporters, "makes Buck Rogers look as if he'd lived in the Gay Nineties."

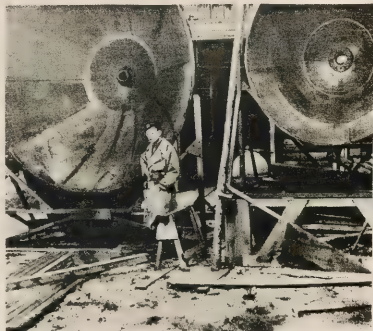
Colonel Keck didn't go into much detail. This was partly because the things he and his men had found were so vital as to make their secrecy of tremendous importance to our security.

But it was also because the Army hadn't found everything it had hoped to find.

Many of the detailed plans were missing. Only general references to ballistic missile control were in the Hillersleben files. *Specific documents had simply disappeared.*

FRANTIC SEARCHES by cloak-and-dagger operatives failed to turn up the detailed designs of the guided missile systems and various other fantastic weapons the Germans had dreamed up. But they did find out what had happened to these plans, in a general sort of way.

What had happened to them was a drama such as could only have been devised by mad fanatics with delusions of Teutonic grandeur, men crazed by a dream of a 1,000-year Nazi empire. *(Continued on next page)*



We're lucky Nazis didn't get chance to use this. It's a giant sound reflector system which could have killed or driven crazy thousands of GI's at a time. (See story).

## The Nazis cached their super weapons for a future crack at world conquest. Instead, the Russians have the plans now . . .

Muscle-bound storm troopers with squinty, drug-addict eyes had raided Hillersleben on the night of April 21, 1945.

Their heavy, hob-nailed boots clomped through the research stations still under German control. The black-hearted, black-uniformed troopers under the command of Gestapo boss Heinrich Himmler, who was then trying to grab the reins of the collapsing Nazi Germany out of Hitler's hands, swarmed over the scientific outposts in commando-like attacks.

They herded the scientists and their secretaries and Air Force guards into rooms and storage closets and locked them up. Guided by special agents the Gestapo had planted among the research staffs, they systematically combed through the files. Their organization was so thorough that they managed within minutes to get their hands on most of the truly important documents.

They left as quickly and efficiently as they had come, leaving behind here and there a dead man who had dared speak out of turn, secretaries with breasts bruised by sadistic pinches, and everywhere the stench of human fear that always lingered in the wake of the Gestapo and its SS hatchet men.

They climbed into their cars and trucks. And then the black-out darkness swallowed them together with Germany's—and now the world's—most valued military secrets.

Soon mysterious convoys and even more mysterious lone vehicles converged on the mountainous region of Styria and Upper Austria.

It was in this rugged region of high peaks and glacier-fed lakes that the Nazis had planned to make a last stand against the Allies.

Several storm trooper vehicles arrived on the night of April 22 or 23 at the deep, icy lake of Altaussee at the foot of the Trisselwand Mountain. In charge of the special commando force running the convoy was the notorious *SS-Obersturmbannführer* (senior storm-troop leader) Adolf Eichenmann, a special operations and concentration camp man of long experience who had, the year before, taken part in the kidnapping of Mussolini.

It is now commonly believed by men who have long wondered over what happened that night at Altaussee that Eichenmann's convoy lugged mostly gold and jewelry and money printing plates, but that *another* convoy, whose commander has remained unknown to this day, arrived almost simultaneously with a cargo of plans for German secret weapons.

It is now definitely known that Gerwild Bechert was one of the agents the Gestapo had planted at Hillersleben, and that he was aboard that second convoy.

At any rate, it seems the storm troop commanders went into a huddle. Standing together in the darkness, their faces pale white in the glittering starlight of the crisp mountain night, they held a hurried conference. Their hoarse whispers carried some distance but the words were garbled. No one understood them—except

Gerwild Bechert, who filed the information in his mind for profitable future use.

The obvious part of the two commanders' decision was this: the war was lost. Any further resistance at this time would be hopeless. So execute Operation Barbarossa, Plan B for short. (Barbarossa was a legendary Teutonic king who was sealed into a mountain for a few hundred years, to keep in cold storage until time was ripe again for him to take over the empire.)

Plan B was this:

Sink Germany's stolen treasures and the plans for super-weapons in deep mountain lakes. Save them for the day when the Nazi Party would rise again!

Plan B was executed quickly in the various lakes of the area. Grunting SS men unloaded the goods in their waterproof crates and odd-shaped special containers. The precious pieces of cargo were ferried over the silent lakes and dropped overboard at specially selected spots. Only the commanders—and Bechert—knew exactly the contents of some of the containers and their exact hiding place.

While it was still dark, the storm troopers dispersed, most of them changing into civilian clothes in the hope of escaping Allied justice. Most of them did escape, and the secret of the lakes appeared safe. Hitler's ill-begotten legacy was waiting at the bottom of a watery world.

NOW THERE'S a long intermission in the story of the ballistic missile and the other devilish devices the Nazis had dreamed up to kill people. Five years of intermission during which we occupied parts of Germany and Austria. Five years during which the Altaussee, with its sunken secrets, was IN THE AMERICAN ZONE OF OCCUPATION.

We were sitting on the stuff and apparently paying no attention.

Then came 1950, the year in which Gerwild Bechert cashed in his chips. He was getting older—close to 52—and he was probably making his last bid for a big haul. Spies don't collect social security. But why was he killed? We'll never know. Maybe he got fresh in the end and wanted more than he had been promised and the Reds paid him off in conventional Kremlin currency.

But how did the Reds get the stuff out of the Altaussee lake? That certainly isn't as easy as sinking it.

And now we return to the scene of the crime.

Investigators swarmed all over Altaussee, trying to find out if any of the natives knew the "dead gentleman."

Well, said one villager, maybe he had come with the "Frenchmen."

"What Frenchmen?"

Oh, said the villager, you know—those Frenchmen who went diving in the lake last week.

What Frenchmen diving in the lake?

Well, said the villager, he thought everybody knew about these people. Surely

(Continued on page 52)

# BLOODY PATH of the GOLDEN ARROW

For a while the ground pounders of the 8th thought they'd never see combat. But when they got rolling—they couldn't be stopped



By Richard Dennis

**T**HE 8th INFANTRY Division set one of the whackiest records in United States Army annals during World War I. Activated in January, 1918, it was whipped into shape with great speed—and loaded aboard transports for the trip to France. There was only one thing wrong—the war ended by the time the division arrived on the other side of the pond.

Hardly had the men of its regiments—the 8th, 12th, 13th and 62nd—set foot on French soil, than they were ordered to do an about face and march right back aboard the

transports.

By January, 1919, all the men of the 8th Division were back in the States—and the outfit was inactivated the same month. Thus, the division had the shortest organizational life of any American division to see service overseas in World War I—less than a year from start to finish!

Its virgin battle flags furled, the 8th went into the between wars deep-freeze, along with scores of other outfits that were declared “excess” to peacetime army requirements.

It was a long rest for the outfit

that had been so short-lived. More than 20 years were to elapse before the 8th was hauled out of mothballs and reactivated. They were the years of “Normalcy”—of Prohibition, Prosperity, and Depression. The United States Army was an army in name only in those years.

The “Army” was made up of a few handfuls of poorly-paid regulars who spent their time doing squads east and west and in mounting formal guard on the neatly-clipped grass of the parade grounds. In 1938, for example—the year before Hitler march-



It was tough building up a division in 1940... not enough men...



A dead Kraut at his feet, an 8th Div buck sergeant peers through Normandy hedge as his squad moves up the road.

ed into Poland to trigger World War II—the entire amount spent on training and operation of the Army Ground Forces was less than \$170,000.

The fool's paradise couldn't last—and it didn't. The world went to war in 1939. By 1940, it became clear that America's defense potential would have to be bolstered—and the nation's tiny Army expanded.

In June, 1940, the strength of the United States Army—and this included the Air Force in those days—

totalled barely 260,000 officers and men. A month later, the figure had jumped to 291,000. By August, 1940, the total came to 326,000—and continued to rise steadily until the end of the war.

But, in June, 1940, no one really dreamed how big the army would become eventually. Harassed officials in Washington were concerned mainly with trying to accomplish a limited, and immediately needed, expansion.

Recruiting was stepped up. There were rumbles of a draft law, rumors

that the National Guard would be federalized, that reserve units would be called into active service.

It was in July, 1940, that the 8th Infantry Division was reactivated—reborn with a colorful shoulder patch, an upward pointing golden arrow piercing a silver figure "8" on a blue shield.

SOMEONE had nicknamed the 8th Division "Pathfinder" during World War I, but the men now preferred to call it the "Golden Arrow," and the

not enough equipment... not enough concern about the war raging in Europe

name stuck.

Only one of its old regiments—the 13th—came along for the ride with the reactivated outfit. Reorganized according to the then new "triangular" concept, the division picked up two other regiments—the 28th and 121st—to round out its infantry units. Teamed with these outfits were the 28th, 43rd, 45th and 56th Field Artillery Battalions, the 8th Signal Company, 708th Ordnance, 12th Engineer Battalion, and quartermaster, Reconnaissance, Medical and CIC elements—each bearing the numeral of the division.

It wasn't easy to build an infantry division in 1940. There wasn't enough of anything to go around. Housing was in short supply—and green GI's had to make do in obsolete tents while barracks were being built. Wooden rifles—old World War I training jobs patterned after the M-1903 Springfield—were issued to the "trainees." There weren't enough M-1's—called "Garands" then—nor even a fraction of the men.

If rifles were rare, heavier weapons and equipment were practically nonexistent. Lucky, indeed, was the training officer who could show his recruits photographs of such items as tanks, mortars or artillery pieces. The weapons themselves were still "on order."

Even uniforms were in short supply. A few crack regular outfits—old line units—sporting slacks and the new "action-back" blouses. For the new men, such luxuries were still very much in the future. Old-style choker-collared blouses, blanket breeches and spiral leggings were handed out by cursing supply sergeants.

"Of course, the clothing stores that sprang up outside the gates of the post had the latest style uniforms for sale," vets recall. "But these cost \$27.50 for blouse, slacks and a shirt to wear under the blouse. Pretty steep, considering that a private drew \$21 per month."

Not even that \$21 was cash in hand, however. Regulars had to pay 25 cents per month to the Old Sol-

dier's Home fund—whether they liked it or not. Every enlisted man got hit a couple dollars each month—for laundry. Pontoon nickles—PX canteen books issued on credit between the 10th and last day of each month—took another big bite out of the \$21-a-day-once-a-month. A private who received \$15 in cash at the pay table was a lucky guy, indeed!

Despite the drawbacks—and all the confusion that characterized the early days of America's military expansion—the men managed to live through the growing pains. Rookies became "old-timers" in six months—and often sported sergeant's stripes after eight, to the horror of long-service regulars. The first draftees began showing up in camp before the end of 1940.

The "Selective Service Trainees" were a queer breed to old regulars and more recent volunteers alike. No one knew quite how to take them—and few of the draftees knew what to make of the Army. It wasn't a happy—nor even a pleasant—time.

Deliveries of equipment lagged—and training was largely concerned with close-order drill and spit-and-polish inspections of quarters and equipment that used up great quantities of spit, but never seemed to polish up to required levels.

No one really knows how near the Army of the United States was to open mutiny in the following year. There were certainly dangerous rumblings of discontent. Men chalked the letters "Ohio" wherever they went. The letters stood for "Over the Hill in October"—a threat that draftees would desert if not released from the service by October, 1941.

Some of this sentiment was fired up by subversive elements within the Army and out of it. The greatest part resulted from a lack of any feeling of immediate danger.

"We'll never go to war," was the general feeling. "It'll all be over in Europe soon."

HOWEVER, as the months passed, it became obvious to most Americans that the war in Europe still had a

long way to go. The spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction among the drafted men gradually subsided.

Whatever "mutinous" spirit demeaned disappeared overnight, dispelled by the announcement of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7, 1941.

"We were a bunch of rowdy malcontents one day—and soldiers the next," grins a former 13th Infantry draftee. "The whole division changed—just like that."

The company streets were charged with taut, tense anticipation on that Sunday. Men sped back to camp, commandeering buses and taxis in town, or grabbing trains, planes or buses to take them back off furloughs and three-day passes.

"The 8th was a fairly 'old' outfit by then," vets recall. "We'd gone through those damned Louisiana maneuvers—and spent a hell of a lot of time in what was called 'the field.' We all figured we'd be among the first to be shipped overseas."

The mysterious workings of any army's high command are unfathomable. Instead of "shipping," the hardened, well-toughened 8th Division didn't go anywhere. It became a guinea pig outfit—one of four divisions designated to become experimental "motorized" divisions.

It was a great dream-bubble while it lasted. The "conversion" called for a gargantuan shuffling of the TO&E. While a standard infantry division had a strength of 15,500, a "motorized" div's complement was kicked up to 16,889.

"They must've got that figure from some numbers runner," was the typical comment of the GI's. The outfit was supposed to have nearly 3,000 vehicles of all types.

"Naturally, we didn't get 'em—and after fooling and fiddling around for months, we were 'reconverted' to a plain old infantry division."

The Golden Arrow got its overseas orders in November, 1943—25 years—almost to the day—since it had last been ordered overseas. This time, though, the war didn't end



An advance patrol of the 8th is caught and pinned down by machine gun fire in La Haye De Puis. Opposite page: 8th Div brass. Left to right, Col. Thomas J. Cross, Brig. Gen. Donald A. Stroh, Lt. Col. Joseph K. Gibson.

**The 8th got its  
feet wet on  
the 4th of July.  
Three days later,  
they got bloody \***



while the division was on the high seas. Quite to the contrary. The real war hadn't even begun.

Under command of Maj. Gen. William C. McMahon, the 8th set up its camp in North Ireland — and plunged immediately into a round of intensive combat training. Field exercises and maneuvers—plus endless false-alarm alerts—were the order of the days that followed.

Most of it was work—hard work—but not all. There were occasional overnight passes—and plenty of Irish whisky and colleens to make the leaves as pleasant as possible. Once in a great while, a man could even

wangle a pass to London or some other large town. Those who got them seldom managed to return in time—but they had beautiful hangovers as souvenirs when they finally did get back to where they belonged.

Things tightened up in mid-April, 1944. The smell of the cross-channel invasion was already in the air. Discipline became stricter, security tighter, training tougher.

"We all knew what was coming. The only thing we wondered about was when it would happen."

The Golden Arrow missed the boat for the invasion itself. D-Day came and went—and the 8th Division

was still in the British Isles. This gave rise to the usual latrine rumors. GI's discussed the possibilities of another invasion—this time of Norway, or of an end-run into Denmark, or perhaps even a long-haul through Persia to link up with the Red Army.

This last wasn't as wild as it sounds now. There was a short period when such a move was being considered by the Anglo-American high command—and the 8th was tabbed as one of the units to be employed in the operation.

The payoff came on the Fourth of July—when the Golden Arrow landed on Utah Beach in Normandy. Less

Led by a lieutenant, a squad from the 13th Reg. double-times





than 72 hours later, the division was in combat—battering against some of the toughest Kraut units in Normandy.

THROWN INTO the bitter, inching battle of the Norman hedgerows, the 8th underwent a furious baptism of fire. Armor could not operate in the bocage country. The fighting had to be done by the gravel-pounders of the infantry.

Each tiny field, walled by thick, interlaced hedges, was a German stronghold—and the Krauts had to be blasted out with BAR's and grenades. It was grim, costly warfare.

"There were times when we'd be

lying on one side of a hedgerow, and the Nazis would be on the other—scarcely a dozen feet away," says Terence "Terry" Thomson, a one-time 121st Infantry platoon sergeant. "We couldn't see them—but we could hear them talking, cussing us. The only consolation we had was the knowledge that they were up against the same problems as we were."

Flanked by the 79th Division on its right and the 90th on its left, the Golden Arrow pushed southward to exploit and expand the American hold in Normandy. Savage fighting ensued as the German 353rd Division clung tenaciously to every foot

of ground.

The 79th went into La Haye de Puits—and the 90th lanced into the forest of Monte Castre. The 8th slammed down the slot between them, chewing up the Kraut 91st Battlegroup in the process.

The drive stopped short of the coastal town of Lessay. Then, on July 26th, the push resumed. Compared to previous progress, the gains registered in the next few days seemed like a major breakthrough to the weary GI's. Called "Operation Cobra," the attack carried the Golden Arrow nearly 12 miles in the first three days, the force of the assault sweeping the Germans out of Coutances to a line roughly following the Soule River.

"We didn't even get a chance for a breather," recalls former Lt. Abraham Conn, then of the 28th Infantry. "We were teamed up with the 4th Armored—and really got rolling."

By July 31, additional gains of more than 20 miles had been registered by the armored-infantry combination. The soldiers went through Avranches—"like feed through a goose"—and kept going until they'd taken Pontaubault and Ducey.

The long-awaited breakthrough in Normandy was now an accomplished fact. Nazi defenses were crumbling in western France. The 8th Division made the most of it.

Paced alternately by fast-moving assault columns from the 121st, then the 28th and then the 13th Infantry Regiments, the Golden Arrow ripped through enemy rearguards and holding units. The division swept through Rennes, paused for a brief period to

down a street in Pontaubault, under small arms fire.





## Brest was no soft touch. The 8th had to wrest it from the Krauts, house by house

fill out units decimated by the heavy fighting—and then tackled its next objective, the vital Channel port of Brest.

The Krauts had decided to hold Brest—and had pulled in thousands of men and huge quantities of guns and ammo to build up the city's defenses.

"It was like slamming headon into a solid brick wall. The Nazis may have been folding elsewhere in France—but they were determined to hold Brest."

Determined or not, the Nazis couldn't hang on to Brest forever. They were fighting with their backs to the English Channel—and had no hope of relief or reinforcement.

By September 19, the 8th Division had cleared the entire Crozon Peninsula, washing away scattered enemy resistance—and, almost for the first time, getting the chance to enjoy a few fruits of victory.

"The Frenchies came out of their houses—and every damn one of 'em shoved a bottle of wine or booze at you. We had a ball."

The "ball" didn't last. The division picked up the marbles, swung around—and joined in the epic drive across France and into Luxembourg. Rolling up what remained of the *Wehrmacht*, the 8th barreled through La Belle France—and many of its men shared the general feeling that the war would be over by Christmas.

"Hell, you couldn't blame us for being wrong. Even Eisenhower thought the Krauts would give up before the end of the year. He made Montgomery a bet that the war would end before Christmas. We didn't bet—we just hoped that it would."

NOVEMBER 20 found the Golden Arrow in the Hurtgen Forest. The Hurtgen was a lousy place to fight a battle—it was dense, hilly terrain. The Germans had had time to build up their defenses. There were many permanent fortifications in the sector and there was little room for maneuver. The Nazis had sown vast areas with mines—new types mounted in wooden, plastic or glass containers which could not be located by the detectors then in use.

The attack into the Hurtgen was preceded by massive air attacks. Thousands of British and American bombers and fighter-bombers plastered the enemy positions with high explosive. The bombings were accurate and intense, but the Germans



Stephen Longstreth of the 121st Reg. gets his first hot meal after 15 days of besieging Hurtgen, in Germany.

Golden Arrow GI's are forced to ignore a wounded buddy as they return fire of Krauts dug in near town of Ducey.



An 8th Div infantryman fires at Kraut snipers hiding on nearby rooftops in Brandenburg, while fire from exploding mortar shell burns in next building.

were well dug-in and suffered little loss.

The story of the battle of the Hurtgen Forest can be told in a single sentence—one taken from the official history of the U. S. Ninth Army.

*"The enemy, knowing how the attack must come, had only to block it headon and inflict the maximum casualties."*

Hurtgen was a blood-bath for the men of the Golden Arrow. Entire platoons and companies disintegrated in the awful heat of the battle. The Germans allowed their thinly-held outposts to be overrun, sucking in the Americans. Their traps were well laid. Deadly cross-fires from massed automatic weapons—covered by large numbers of artillery pieces firing without regard to ammunition expenditure—tore the U. S. units to bits as they struggled forward.

"We hadn't really seen war until we got into the Hurtgen," says ex-13th Infantry Captain Joe Ridzinsky. "We were cut to pieces."

Daily gains were measured in yards. "The European Okinawa," someone called the Hurtgen Forest.

The 3rd Battalion, 121st Infantry, used bayonets to clear one stubborn pocket of resistance—only to find that there were literally layers of Germans beneath them—in subterranean galleries dug into the hill.

Adding to the odds against the American troops was a serious shortage of artillery ammunition, caused by the very rapidity of the advance. The GI's had outdistanced their own supply facilities. Even the highly-touted "Red Ball" Express had been unable to keep up with the ever-increasing demands for fuel and ammo.

Tanks were brought into the Hurtgen in an effort to destroy Nazi pillboxes and bunkers with direct artillery fire. The M-4's lurched and rocked up the hillsides—and scores of them were knocked out by concentrated Kraut shelling.

"Then the rain started. The forest

became a quagmire, the few roads rivers of mud. It was a howling, shrieking nightmare. The Germans shelled and machine-gunned us—and we wallowed in the seas of mud."

Incessant enemy counter-attacks added to the bloody horror of the battle. German shock-units would sally forth from the bunkers and underground shelters and make furious assaults on the Americans crouching in their shallow fox-holes.

"It was a murderous slug-fest that went on night and day without let-up. We'd burn out the barrels on our machine guns—trying to stop the bastards. There seemed to be millions of them."

The Germans brought up fresh batteries of 88's. In a single day, the 121st Regiment lost nearly 200 men from the effects of shelling by these guns alone. The Krauts also threw heavy tanks into the fight—running them up as far as possible and then using the turret guns to deliver direct-fire barrages.

"The Jerries fused their mortar shells to burst in the branches of the trees. The fragments whipped down into our holes—there hadn't been time to provide overhead cover. God only knows how many men were literally shredded as they lay in their foxholes."

The hell of Hurtgen raged on.

BATTALIONS, regiments, entire divisions melted away in the Hurtgen Forest. It was there that the 28th Division earned its grisly nickname, the "Bucket of Blood," losing more than 9,000 men in the battle.

The Golden Arrow's casualty rate was considerably less than that—but it was still far heavier than any outfit could normally stand. Nonetheless, the 8th continued to push, clearing the Hurtgen by November 28th, and continuing on, with shattered ranks, to take Brandenburg on December 3.

"There wasn't much left of the outfit by the time we dragged our tails through Brandenburg to the banks of the Roer," grunts one former 13th Infantry officer. "Our battalions looked like skeleton companies."

The Golden Arrow clung tenaciously to its defensive positions, beating back subsidiary German attacks which were launched as diversionary feints in mid-December. The main Nazi thrusts were aimed



## Civilians—women and children— sniped at the 8th Div doughs as they fought into the Ruhr

south of the Roer dams—in the Ardennes. Although the full fury of the Bulge Battle bypassed the 8th, the battle-weary GI's still took a pounding from Kraut artillery and tank-infantry assaults.

"The worst part of it all was that we kept on hearing the wildest rumors—that the Germans had broken through and pushed the First Army back to the Channel. Other stories had it that we were completely surrounded. We didn't know what was going on—and, despite our fears and uncertainty, we had to fight off the Nazi attacks along our own front."

This is the way ex-T/5 Peter Curran—then a BAR man in the 1st Battalion, 13th Regiment, remembers it. He recalls a three-day period during which the enemy hit his unit 17 times.

When, at last, the German counter-offensive had been beaten back, there was a short lull along the front. Recovering from the surprise and shock, the Allied armies re-grouped and filled out their battered units. Supplies were stock-piled and plans laid to resume the offensive—the final drive into Germany.

It wasn't until February 23, 1945, that the 8th Division's advance picked up where it had left off the previous December. At dawn on that day, the Golden Arrow moved over the Roer River—a crossing made especially dangerous and difficult by the Nazis, who had destroyed the discharge valves of the huge Roer dams, thus bringing the river to full-flood stage. Two days later, after slugging it out with fanatical rear-guard German units, the 8th Division took Duren and steam-rolled on to cross the Erft Canal within 72 hours.

"The Rhine lay ahead—but Adolf Hitler had ordered his do-or-die boys to hold at all costs. We had to blast our way to the Rhine—the hard way."

The Golden Arrow reached the river near Rodenkirchen on March 7 and spread out to hold a line to Koln.

The next major action brought the Div into the gigantic envelopment of the German forces in the Ruhr Pocket.

The 8th Division troops fought their way through the rubble and debris of smashed German industrial cities. They found die-hard Nazi civilians had joined the enemy military formations.

"Krauts—both men and women—in civilian clothes would hide in the wrecked buildings and snipe at us. We never knew when we'd get a burst of bullets in the back. The bastards even had 12 and 13-year-old kids shooting at us."

The reduction of the Ruhr Pocket netted the Allies more than 350,000 prisoners of war. Capture of the region meant that the German industrial potential no longer existed. The Nazis were finished—if they only had sense enough to realize it.

Tragically, *der Fuhrer* refused to permit his splintered armies to surrender. The battle of the Ruhr went on until April 17. The Golden Arrow

mopped up for a short period—and was then shifted to the operational control of the British Second Army.

The Allied advance was running in high gear. Together with Montgomery's Tommies and Canadians, 8th Division GI's drove across the River Elbe on May 1st.

THERE WAS quite a bit of resentment about the shift of the Golden Arrow to Limey control. The men didn't like it very much—especially not after British General Montgomery gave credit for successes only to "Empire" units.

"We'd run miles ahead of the Limeys—take the goddam objectives—and then Monty would make a big announcement about the 'victory won by English soldiers,'" veterans still complain. "It burned our tails!"

Despite all this, the 8th Division did as well for Monty as it had for its American higher commanders. The farther the outfit penetrated into the "sacred" Reich, the more troubles it experienced. In its last spasms, Nazism was relying on every conceivable tactic to delay the Allied advance.

"Werewolkes"—German kids of nine to 14 years—made suicidal attacks on 8th Division outposts and march-columns. The kids—hyped up with Nazi propaganda fed to them in Hitler Youth meetings, flung themselves at U. S. tanks and trucks with

Men of the 1st Battalion, 13th Reg., advance cautiously on house in Schwerin where die-hard Krauts are holed up. The men inside refused to surrender.



Molotov cocktails and explosive charges in their hands.

Before long, advance elements of the Golden Arrow began encountering hordes of German refugees streaming west to avoid capture by the Russians. Some few elicited the pity of the GI's, but most gained little sympathy from the Americans.

"The bastards thought we'd treat 'em like heroes," laughs ex-Sgt. Harvey Dagin. "Some of them carried snapshots of the Russian civilians they'd massacred and showed them to us with terrific pride. We booted 'em in the tail—and went on."

Organized enemy resistance was almost at an end, but this did not mean that men didn't have to fight—and die—to continue the advance. There were islands and "hedgehogs" of Nazis sworn to die in defense of the Reich. They had to be wiped out—one by one. It was "small stuff"—but each skirmish meant more names on the division's long, dreary Purple Heart roster.

"We kept on pushing. . . ."

The outfit was still pushing when the war ended. The Golden Arrow was in Schwerin when the Nazis surrendered—the closest any American unit got to Berlin before the end of hostilities. The 8th had made one of the deepest penetrations of Germany to be registered by any unit from the armies of the Western Allies.

V-E Day marked the 267th day

of combat for the division—days during which it had earned campaign credits for Normandy, North France, the Rhineland, and Central Europe.

The 8th was one of the European Theater divisions marked for redeployment in the Pacific. It was one of the first outfits to be returned to the States for staging, shipping on July 10, 1945.

Once in the ZI, high point men were discharged and new troops brought in to bring the division up to authorized strength. Developments in the Pacific moved rapidly—and the war against Japan came to an end before any additional divisions could be shipped from the States.

Once, again, the 8th Infantry Division was one of the first—to be inactivated. The Golden Arrow went into its second deep-freeze era on November 20, 1945—this one to last for 10 years.

It was in 1955 that Pentagon orders reactivated the Golden Arrow as a full-strength, combat division. The outfit was formed at Camp Carson, Colorado—and, in line with Pentagon policy, took enlistments for Operation Gyroscope, which provided that the division switch with the 9th Division in Germany.

When, in January, 1956, the 8th was judged fully trained and up to snuff, the division shipped for its overseas station. The Golden Arrow is in Germany today—part of the

United States Seventh Army's V Corps.

World War II vets would have a difficult time recognizing the "old outfit." It's a New Army—and a very new 8th Division. Streamlined, beefed up with new weapons and equipment, the 8th can lay down more than twice the firepower than its WWII counterpart.

STATIONED in Southern German casernes, the 8th is in a state of constant readiness—just in case the Russians get any ideas.

"We can turn out the whole division—combat-loaded and combat-ready—within two hours after an alarm is flashed," officers state. "This outfit is *always* on the alert."

Golden Arrow troops spend nearly half their time in the field—in maneuvers and exercises conducted under closely simulated combat conditions. Behind them, as they maneuver through German forests and hills, stand the atomic cannon and powerful rocket-artillery battalions of the Seventh Army.

New concepts call for "pentomic" organization—the breaking up of regiments into flexible, highly-mobile battle groups. If war ever comes, these groups will range far afield, largely independent and self-sustaining.

Before long, new rifles and machine guns—all packing far more punch than previous models—will be in the hands of the GI's. Together with improved heavier weapons, they will make each division the equivalent of three or more World War II type divisions, which contained only three line regiments each.

But, as far as the highly-trained, "sharp" soldiers of the United States Army's 8th Infantry Division are concerned, they don't have to wait for new weapons.

"What the hell!" snorts one young PFC. "We can already lick any three divisions. When we get the new stuff, they won't need any other troops over here. We'll be able to handle the whole deal ourselves."

Well, that's an exaggeration, to say the least. The PFC is taking an awful lot for granted. Even so, he reflects the spirit of the men of today's Golden Arrow. And, *that* kind of spirit counts a great deal—in peace or war. ▶ ▶

Supported by tanks, patrol of the 8th advances through blasted streets of Blankenburg. Firemen, German civilians, are watched warily by the GI's.



# DEATH MARCH: 1853



Of all the fouled up details, this

one took the cake—and the lives

of 110 men of the 4th Infantry . . .

IT WAS a cheerless, dirty, seaskip band of 4th Infantry volunteers that disembarked from the three-master at Panama after a storm-tossed trip down the Atlantic from New York. The date was 1853, and the 4th was being sent piecemeal to the Western Territories to fight in the Indian Wars.

While most army troopships regularly went from East to West Coast via the long trip around the Horn, some unloaded its troops at the Isthmus of Panama, where the men marched overland to the Pacific side and picked up a ship for the rest of the trip to California. That's what orders read for the ill-fated companies of the 4th.

The men had been optimistic and eager when they'd boarded ship. Some of the old timers from Indian battles and the Mexican War were less enthusiastic, but for the most part the detachment comprised green youngsters itching to fight the Redskins. Many of them would never get the chance.

Somebody—to the this day nobody knows who—but somebody fouled up the detail.

The jungle trails across Panama were crude and hard to find. But they were there. Other detachments behind this one from the 4th had found them. But instead of following what was available, the luckless companies headed smack into the heart of the jungle. They weren't equipped for a jungle march, and they weren't trained for it. Nobody in the army then was trained for it.

The 4th began hacking its way through. Those were its orders, and the non-coms and officers meant to carry them through. It didn't go too badly the first couple of days. But then the jungle took over. Men began to drop from fever. Dysentery set in. Men drank the brackish water from stagnant pools and promptly fell in retching heaps. Some were bitten by poisonous snakes; others drowned in the bottomless swamps.

The 4th plunged on. The dead were buried or rolled into the deep pools of the jungle swamps. Those that fell behind were left to starve or go mad from thirst and fear, and eventually to die and rot nobody knows where. Some simply wandered off, never to be seen again.

The survivors were on the verge of panic. And what's worse—mutiny. They lost faith in their officers. They thought they were all doomed. Some men refused to carry the sick for fear they'd contract disease. They stole food and water from each other, fought and cursed each other in their nerve-shattering trek through the jungle.

Ten men were dead. Then twenty. Twenty-five. Thirty-five. Fifty. The sick were dying rapidly now. The toll rose to ninety. Ninety-five. One hundred dead. The survivors were thin and yellow with fever, red-eyed and bearded and filthy.

Then, late one afternoon, a scout found a trail. It took them to a village of friendly natives, who guided the exhausted marchers to their rendezvous point.

When the 4th once again boarded ship, bound for San Francisco, there were 110 men less than had started the trip several weeks before. It was one of the worst peacetime army disasters in U. S. military history. ▶▶



## 1,000 Nights of Babes and Booze

(Continued from page 10)

this kid—Jen her name was, I remember clear as day—was really scared. Swore her Pap would shoot us all if he caught us. Man, you shoulda seen me and my buddy fly out that back door, draggin' on our pants."

Artie shook his head at the memory. "I seen her three or four more times before we shipped out. I tell you, them southern babes sure know their stuff."

GEORGE—the marine—nodded wisely.

"Maybe so, but I'll take an Aussie chick over any of the homegrown stuff from the States, any day. Those babes from Down Under really get a guy flyin', and they don't act like they're doing you a big favor, either."

"You can keep all of them," I put in. "Just give me a couple of weeks right now with one of those red hot Sicilians."

"I don't like garlic," cracked the marine, but I let it pass. What he didn't know, wouldn't hurt him.

"Let me tell you," the gyrene continued, "I sampled 'em all from Pearl Harbor to Yokohama. I've had it three dollars-for-three minutes at Pearl, and all night long for a couple hundred yen in Tokyo, and I still say there's nothing like an Aussie babe."

"Take this time we're practicing field problems out in the local boonlocks. They was getting us ready for Tarawa, though we didn't know it then. Anyway, I was one of them idiots that volunteered for scouts and snipers, and I was crawling around in the bush, all by myself, when all of a sudden I come to this little pond, like. And you know what was in that pond? Three of the cutest little Aussie chicks you'd ever want to see, and the three of them bare as a baby's."

"I tell you, as my old buddy from Arkansas used to say, I like to near died. But I just walked up to the edge of the water and looked at them. And whatta you think they did?"

He leaned forward for an answer, so I gave it to him. "They asked you for a bar of soap," I said.

George nodded. "Close enough," he said. "They just stood up in the water, which came about up to their bellies, and one of them calls to me, 'Hey, Yank, come on in and get your feet wet. The water's honky dory.' In two shakes I'm out of my fatigues and making like a bloody porpoise."

George leaned his head against the back of the booth and closed his eyes. "Can you guys picture it?" he said, "splashin' around with three babes in a pond like that?"

He leaned forward suddenly then and opened his eyes. "After a while one of them wades over to me, kinda smilin'

like. She was a big broad, with long black hair hangin' wet over as mean a set of Mae Wests as you ever did see. And she says to me, soft like, 'What about it, Yank?' Just like that. 'What about it, Yank?'

"I cop a look over at the other two babes, and they're standin' there grinnin' at me, like they were challenging me, you know? So I says, 'I'll give it a go; honey, and if your girl friends are jealous, they can wait on line, see?'"

I guess Artie and me were looking at George kind of funny, because he held up his right hand and said, "Sure as I'm sittin' here, guys, that's the way it happened. Me and the big babe go off in the brush near the pond, and I tell you man, she was it, in spades. I was all for callin' it an afternoon right there and then, but I'll be a sonofabitch if I wasn't pulling on my pants when the other two broads show up, and they start giving me the business about they thought marines were supposed to be real men, and that that."

GEORGE SHRUGGED, gulped at his beer and smiled. "So I took off my pants again. I tell you guys, by the time I dragged myself back to the platoon, I'd had it. I was so goddam pooped the Top looked at me and thought I'd had a malaria attack."

"You ever see them again?" Artie asked.

George nodded. "They were Australian Wacs, or whatever the Aussies called it, and they were stationed at an air warning center about 20 miles down the road. They used to come down to the pond coupla times a week, they told me. Boy, that was the only time I was sorry to leave the boonlocks. We came out of the bush after two weeks, and I met them twice more after the first time. The last trip, before we knew we were shippin' out, I brought along a buddy of mine, and I'm glad I did because the poor bastard got it in the crotch on Tarawa and was never any good after that."

Artie and I nodded sympathetically, and then I felt it was my turn to tell a story. I was beginning to feel the beers, and in my semi-crocked state had the funny thought that we were like three wise men, or like three Indian chiefs, sitting around the campfire reciting ancient tales of glory.

I belched briefly and held up my hand. "George," I said, "what you say about Aussie babes is no doubt true. But let me tell you for pure passion, like an animal, you can't beat that Italian stuff."

I don't mean the stuff you can buy. I mean the stuff that's for free. Those Italian babes, they got to love you first, and when they love you—whammo, better

take double portions on the eggs and oysters, 'cause they don't know when enough's enough."

The boys were leaning forward now, and I knew I had their attention. "It was maybe two, three weeks after we hit Sicily, and let me tell you that beach-head was one fouled up detail. Our navy was shelling us, the Krauts were shelling us, and nobody seemed to know what the hell was going on. In other words, the usual."

"Anyway, we finally get the show on the road, and one day we're moving up and I get tagged with this recon patrol. The scouts reported a bunch of farm-houses up ahead and the loote sends us out to give the place the twice over. So we're working our way from house to house, and they seem to be pretty clean. Then I tell one of the guys to cover me, and I crash this barn. It's clean, too, it seemed, but just as I start coming out, the 88's start whistling, and I turn around and dive for the hay."

"The bastards started walking those 88's right through us, and making so much racket I almost didn't hear this noise, like a cat meowing. Then I get to thinking it sounds like a dame crying. So I crawl around to where it's coming from, and sonofabitch if there isn't this dame there, all crouched away in a corner. I crawl over close and I see she's all covered with purple stains on her hands and feet and face and everything."

"Then I get a whiff of the vino. It's in a barrel, right there in a corner, and it's still just a bunch of crushed grapes, but it smelled great. I look at the babe, and she's still sniffing, what with the 88's coming over, so I touch her arm, and I give her my best Italian, like in one of those gangster movies, with the accent."

"Doncha you worry, signorina," I says to her. 'Every-a-tings agonna be all right.' And she looks me right in the eye, and she smiles, like she understands what I'm telling her. And then I see that this babe's stacked. The original brick firehouse, I tell you. She's just wearing some thin cotton dress, I could tell. That's all those peasant girls ever wore, anyway."

I PAUSED for a swipe of beer. The memory was beginning to make me warm. "Then," I continued, "she notices that I'm looking at her close, like I haven't seen a broad in months, which I haven't, and she smiles again and starts going for the buttons on her dress."

I took another swipe of beer. A long one. "Oh, man, I tell you," I said. "There were those 88's whistling and blasting, and the smell of the wine and the hay and this babe all purple and white and moaning in my ear in Italian." I shook my head. "There was never anything before or after like that one time."

Artie and George shook their heads, too, sadly. "You never saw her again?" "Yeah," I said. "In Palermo, a couple of months later. She was peddling it on the streets. I went with her, but it wasn't the same. She knew it, and I knew it. I guess for a couple of minutes back there in the barn we had something going for us you can't buy."

The three of us were silent for a couple of minutes. Then Artie sighed.

"That's the way it goes," he said.

Yeah, I thought, that's the way it goes. And that's the way it went. Two years, three years, four years, whatever a guy put it in. Whatever a guy did. It was all like a dream now. You sat in a bar with two strangers and you wondered how the hell these two guys ever made a decent GI, and you knew they thought the same about you. You wondered if it was all real. You tried to recapture in

your mind the sights and the sounds and the smells of the places you'd been and fought over. A lot of it wasn't pleasant, but even that gave you a kind of kick.

The thing was, you were a man then, in a world of men. You lived and ate and fought and loved like an animal—and it was good. It was clean in its dirtiness. You drank and you cursed and you killed and you whored, and nobody says it was right. But who here is to say it

was wrong.

It was more than a time of life. It was a life all its own, one that had no relation to what went before or came afterward. And if you lived through it all, as did George and Artie and me, and came home in one piece, you could sit around over a beer and remember it the way we did then. Babes. Babes and booze.

Buddy, we never had them so good. ▶▶

# PVT. JOE



'Here comes Army surplus.'



'Think my tomato will go for this perfume, Sarge?'



'Man, will you look at those rolls of muscles!'



## Slaughter in Frostbite Bulge

(Continued from page 15)

and ran forward, their guns firing. Muzzle flashes flickered against the snow. The tanks began firing. Men screamed orders and cried out in pain. A shell hit the fox hole next to Hengfer's and blew the man out of it in bloody shreds.

Hengfer began firing. He swiveled his BAR and chopped into Krauts advancing in careless clusters. He fed clip after clip into his BAR until its barrel was too hot to touch and snow melted all around. The Krauts were almost on top of him now.

Ten yards away, a Kraut got ready to toss a potato masher. Hengfer emptied half a clip into the Kraut, and he ducked just in time when the German grenade blew up in the dead man's hand.

A white tank monster lumbered up from the right, rolling up along the line of fox holes, grinding its treads over the holes while two machineguns spit fire from its turret.

Hengfer spotted the tank at the last minute. He ducked low, drawing his BAR down with him. The tank crushed in the top of his hole. The metal cleats spun viciously four inches over Hengfer's head.

As soon as the tank had passed, Hengfer stuck his BAR out again. He fired until he ran out of ammo. But by that time it was too late for him to retreat.

The men in the village who survived remember his lone figure, the only olive-drab amidst the white parkas of the Krauts, fighting until a German half-track churned past his fox hole. A German soldier leaned over the side and chucked a grenade into Hengfer's hole. It ripped him to pieces. His blood spattered against the white-painted armor of the vehicle.

Advance elements of the Krauts overran the first houses of the village within five minutes. They swarmed over them like an avalanche. Tanks chugged up to the buildings, poked their guns into windows and fired. The houses collapsed on the defenders.

One of the only two American M-10s in Hatten blew up when a *Panzerfaust* projectile scored a direct hit. Two men tumbled out of the light tank, their uniforms ablaze. They rolled screaming in the dirty snow.

The other M-10 tried to back up and retreat along main street. But a Kraut sneaked up to it, stuck a pole charge in its suspension and blew off its treads. The tankers were shot down when they tried to climb out.

Now the battalion was without armored support.

Its fate seemed sealed. The men would be slaughtered. The rookies couldn't possibly hold against the overwhelming

force of the crack 21st Panzerdivision and the 25th Panzergrenadierdivision.

S/Sgt. Stan Shedelsky of Detroit led what was left of his platoon out of some burning farmhouses. The men retreated up a main street to the first solid house they saw: it was the town hall. They set up a machinegun in the doorway and manned the windows.

They knew it couldn't be long now before they were overrun.

From the cellar of the town hall they heard the monotonous chorus of prayer. Down there, by candlelight, the village population had gathered for safety, and there they were now praying, their voices rising and falling as they went through the Rosary. Tank shells crunched into the walls of the building, but the prayers only went on louder than before.

"I saw those poor people down there and I started to cry," Cpl. Jacob Murray later told a *Stars and Stripes* reporter. "I was so nervous and scared, I couldn't help it. I prayed one 'Hail Mary' with them, and then I got back in the doorway."

"Just then a splinter took out a chunk of the door just a few inches from my face, and I've always figured it was that prayer that saved me."

Bazooka men, firing from town hall windows, knocked out two Tiger tanks coming up the street. Then the Germans crawled under the windows and heaved grenades into the town hall. A Kraut sniper hit three machinegunners in the doorway in a row, but he missed Murray.

BY NOW only a few American rifle shots came out of the town hall; most of the survivors withdrew to the cellar stairway and got ready for a last stand. Then the Germans attacked—with flame throwers.

They squirted blazing streams of gasoline into windows and doorways. The building began to burn. GI's jumped out of windows only to be mowed down by Krauts waiting outside.

One German crawled to the doorway, lay down on the steps, and aimed his stream of flame down the cellar stairway.

S/Sgt. Shedelsky, his uniform burning, leaped up the stairs, jumped the German and slashed his back with a bayonet. Then another flame thrower Kraut followed the first, and his charge of liquid fire engulfed Shedelsky together with the Kraut he'd just killed. The two men burned together into a brittle heap of human charcoal.

The thrower also caught the GI's on the cellar stairs and scorched off their skin and flesh. The Germans jumped over their smouldering bodies and squirted gasoline at the praying civilians. None of them survived. When American troops finally regained control of Hatten,

they counted 52 crippled bodies in the town hall basement, many belonging to women and children.

Murray and two other GI's escaped from the burning town hall and made their way to the other end of the village, ducking from house to house until they reached a small, shell-wrecked shoe factory at the south end of town.

As far as anyone knows, the last group of survivors of the First Battalion in Hatten were collected in this building. There may have been other points of resistance, but it was only here that the men managed to hold out all day. Whole platoons and companies had been wiped out in the first German thrust.

Second Lieut. William Goodale, the only officer in the factory, held a quick conference with the few senior non-coms that were left.

"All right," he said at the end. "Tell everybody they're on their own. Tell 'em to take off."

Goodale advised the men to strike south across the frozen fields until they reached the Magint Line pillboxes held by one company of the battalion, or else to beat it down the straight mile-long road to the neighboring village of Rittershofen where the Second and Third Battalions were still in control—or so he hoped.

Some soldiers who had been holed up in positions at the west side of Hatten had already fled along that road to Rittershofen. The Germans were throwing sporadic artillery on the highway, but it was still passable.

"Okay," said Goodale. "You better take out quick while you've got time."

He himself intended to stay as long as his phone line remained uncut. He would ask for American artillery fire and direct it on the village from his observation post in the factory.

Most men dashed out of the building. A few stayed with the lieutenant. One of these, T-4 Nelson Melcher, a guy who'd gotten lost from the 14th Armored, survived to tell the story.

"Some of the men that ran out," he said, "got shot before they got very far because the Jerries had just set up a machinegun on the corner."

"A few of them weren't killed outright. We could see them move, and there were a couple who were trying to drag themselves back to our factory. They were leaving bloody streaks in the snow where they crawled."

"We were hoping the Krauts would send out medics to get them, but they didn't. Instead they opened up again and killed all those guys lying out there. I'll never forget how the bullets chipped into the ice on the cobblestones, and how the bodies jumped when the slugs hit them."

LIEUT. GOODALE managed to ring through to artillery. He asked for immediate fire for effect on the village, and instructed the artillery to walk the shells through Hatten from the south, right across the factory. He didn't tell them he was in it.

Two rounds immediately slammed into the factory. Glass shattered and masonry fell. Splinters whined through the building, but nobody was hurt. The next

rounds bashed into the street and put the Kraut machinegun out of action.

Goodale yelled into the phone that the gunners were right on target and that he was pulling out. Leading the remaining five men he sprinted out of the building and toward the road that led to Rittershofen.

Just then an unlucky shell hit the street. It came so straight it didn't even whistle. It killed Lieutenant Goodale and two of the men. T-4 Melcher was injured and later lost his arm. But he and the other two survivors made it into Rittershofen.

They were the last of the stragglers from the battalion that had been all but wiped out in one quick German move.

But the battle wasn't over yet by a long shot.

Our artillery continued to pound Hatten for the rest of the day. The Krauts, meanwhile, their attack temporarily spent, restricted themselves to keeping the Hatten-Rittershofen road under a 170mm and 88mm barrage.

By 2100 hours that night a decision was made. Hatten was to be retaken that night. The survivors of the rookie First Battalion were formed into a ragged company and attached to the Second Battalion. Some units of the 827th TD Bn. of the 14th Armored went along too. The Third Battalion and the rest of the TD outfit stayed in Rittershofen.

F Co. of the Second leading the night advance, the task force cautiously moved along the road to Hatten, keeping to the crunchily snow-covered fields south of the road.

To everybody's surprise, most of the Krauts had silently pulled out of the village, leaving it an empty target for the artillery.

The veteran Second quickly deployed around Hatten and cleaned out the remaining Germans. Lt. John B. Tilson of Kansas City took an F Co. platoon up main street and found the abandoned M-10 whose treads had been knocked off. Lt. James Renfro of Tulsa, Okla., and Pvt. Dewey J. White, his platoon scout, found a small group of First Battalion survivors in the Hatten school house where they had sat all day, scared, silent and freezing, hiding out from Krauts that prowled the town. They had been unable to make a fire for fear they would be found, and most of them were in terrible shape from the cold. Their shoes were frozen to their feet. Fingers and ears had turned black with gangrene.

The sick and wounded were made as comfortable as possible, and now the defenders waited for the next German attack. This time they had to hold Hatten—they'd been lucky this day that the Krauts hadn't followed up their advantage.

It was to be a quiet night—the last quiet night the 315th Infantry "enjoyed" in Hatten and Rittershofen.

For on the next morning the Krauts struck again with renewed force and vigor, and after that the sector was in continuous battle for 12 days.

Again the Krauts attacked in waves at dawn. Again they overran the first line of fox holes, but this time the 315th had

learned a few tricks. They withdrew in organized groups between the houses of the village and turned each individual house into a fortress.

THEY FIRED mortars almost straight into the air to catch the enemy in the next yard. They even used bazookas as mortars, firing them in near-vertical trajectory, then running quickly for cover in case some adverse gust of wind drifted the rocket projectile back over them.

On the main street, Sgt. Harry Johnson of the tank destroyer outfit discovered that the abandoned M-10 could still fire its gun and that there was ammo left in the tank. His boss, First Lieut. Robert F. Jones of Casper, Wyo., mounted a .30 caliber on the steps of a house from which he could overlook the street, and whenever a German tank tried to round the corner, Lieut. Jones fired his machinegun, and on this signal Johnson banged off the three-incher. This worked fine until a German Panther blew the steps out from under Jones and his air-cooled.

Pvt. Larry Schlaifer of New York earned his Silver Star that day, and his discharge.

He was one of the riflemen posted in a window of the school house when the Krauts advanced on the building.

He killed two Krauts who tried to sneak up with flame throwers, and then when a third tossed a grenade up to his window just when he'd run through one clip, he batted the grenade back into the street with his rifle. The grenade wounded the German who had thrown it.

Together with a Cpl. Kenneth Thompson, Pvt. Schlaifer took over a machinegun on the playground of the school a few minutes later to cover their buddies retreating from the building in the face of overwhelming odds.

Cpl. Thompson was killed almost immediately by a sniper bullet that ripped through his helmet. Schlaifer now handled the machinegun all alone.

He fired along the side of the school house until all the men from his outfit who could still run had dashed out of the rear door. But even then he didn't leave. He was waiting for the Krauts to come around the school house.

Every time a German poked his head around the corner, Schlaifer yanked back on the trigger and his machinegun sputtered death.

Kraut bodies piled up at the corner, and still they kept coming, and still Schlaifer kept firing. He couldn't figure out why the Krauts were so stupid. Then finally he realized that smoke blowing from the burning building next to the school house shielded the bodies from their view, and the chatter of his machinegun was lost in the general racket of the battle.

The Germans did catch on when suddenly the wind shifted and the smoke blew in the other direction. Then some Kraut soldiers sneaked around the other side of the building and crawled up behind a stone wall. First Schlaifer knew of this was when a rifle slug ripped through the sleeve of his coat and burned his skin.

Completely without cover, Schlaifer turned his machinegun around and fired at the stone wall. He caught three Krauts on top of the wall and knocked them back down where they came from.

And then he was out of ammo.

He tried to feed a new belt into the gun, but his fingers were so stiff he couldn't do it. He was still fussing with the ammo belt when a grenade plopped beside him. The blast cut his legs out from under him. Splinters sizzled into his back.

But somehow Schlaifer managed to drag himself out of the school yard. Another GI pulled him off the street where he crawled a half hour later. Both of his legs, shredded by grenade fragments and then frozen as he dragged them through the snow, had to be amputated.

THE GERMANS were in control of much of Hatten when their assault finally ground to a halt. They were also in almost complete control of the road between Hatten and Rittershofen, and the Americans in the two villages were now virtually cut off from each other.

But the outnumbered, outgunned, out-tanked battalions held out. They knew they had to. If they didn't, the whole front in eastern France would collapse like a punctured bag.

On the fourth day, when the sky cleared, the Air Corps tried to help out by dropping supplies in an area GIs had marked off with blankets.

A massive German attack on the seventh day was preceded by a 3,000-round barrage, almost unprecedented for so small an area, but still the 315th held its ground.

The Krauts then resorted to tricks. They tried to send in half-tracks marked with red crosses as if they came to pick up wounded, and others flying white flags as if they wanted to surrender. When these tricks didn't work, the Germans tried to infiltrate soldiers dressed in GI overcoats. Lt. Col. Earl F. Holton, Second Bn. CO, finally made the hard decision to order his men to quite wearing coats and to kill anybody who did.

But the Krauts had shot their wad with their massive steamroller attacks. The attack fizzled. The Germans holed up in their positions.

The 315th couldn't attempt a counter attack. The outfit was too spent for that. But the stalemate in Hatten and Rittershofen was maintained until the American main line of defense was once more "consolidated."

And this was the end of the Nazis. From now on they didn't have a chance at another attack.

On the 12th night, American troops withdrew all along the Alsatian front to their new strong position where they would wait until they were ready for their final dash into Germany.

Pfc. William F. Saxon was the last man out of Hatten. He had stayed behind on his own to burn some ammo the outfit couldn't take along.

"No sense giving the bastards a thing," he said. "Christmas is over."

It was. Spring came, and with it victory. ▶▶



## Sex Spies of Yonchon

(Continued from page 29)

the hills, separated by shell-pitted stretches of No Man's Land of varying width. In some places, No Man's Land was a narrow valley, scarcely half-a-mile wide. In others, it was a flat expanse of land—and thousands of yards separated the two MLR's.

That's the way it was—more or less—until the summer of 1952. Then, with the peace talks dragging on and on at Panmunjon, the Chinese Reds decided to start taking real estate. Their purpose? It's difficult to tell. Perhaps they hoped to achieve a breakthrough. Perhaps they just needed the practice. Whatever the "perhapses," they began to attack UN-held hills.

The names of these hotly-contested objectives were to gain much publicity in American newspapers. Pork Chop, Old Baldy, Whitehorse, The Yoke, Heartbreak Ridge . . .

At first, the Chinese assaults were beaten off with comparative ease. They would come boiling across No Man's Land, shrieking and tossing their fire-cracker grenades. Along the UN MLR, battle-hardened soldiers waited in their bunkers while their supporting artillery chopped gaping holes in the Communist ranks.

When the Red survivors came up the slopes, the UN troops calmly opened up with small arms and automatic weapons. The Chinese were slaughtered—and relative calm settled over the front for a day, two days, even a week.

Then, before anyone actually realized what was going on, the Chinese tactics underwent a radical change. Instead of making sporadic attacks on random positions, the Reds began to pick and choose their objectives. It took a little time for the UN commanders to understand this, however. No one stopped to put two and two together—and quite understandably so.

"Damned coincidence last night. The Reds hit just at the moment when our First Platoon was relieving the Third on the outpost. In the confusion, our people got pushed off the hill. We'll have to fight our way back."

"Funny thing—but the Reds attacked Baker Company and by some dizzy stroke of luck they found the safe-path right through the minefield in front of Baker's positions. The bastards got right up to the bunkers before anyone knew they were near. We had a pile of KIA's and WIA's before it was over."

These were the kinds of things that started happening. Oh, there were others, too. Well-hidden and well-camouflaged gun batteries would suddenly receive heavy counter-battery barrages. Large truck convoys moving on tight

schedules along roads near the front would be shelled—even though they traveled by night, completely blacked out.

COMBAT TROOPS often have the habit of making scornful remarks about the "Big Picture" boys far behind the lines. The GI's at the front forget that it's often the man 'way in the rear who is able to add up the bits and pieces and find the answers that make life much easier—and safer—for the soldier in the foxhole.

It was after a certain number of these "odd" and "coincidental" reports filtered back to Corps and Army that the much-maligned Big Picture people sat up and took notice.

"Coincidences? My tail-piece!" one heard another barked. "These aren't coincidences. There's something rotten here."

They had nothing to pin their doubts on—just that gnawing, knowing hunch that experienced intelligence and operations officers recognize as reliable alarm bells.

In the weeks that followed, every action report was scrutinized with great care in an effort to find any more indications of "coincidence." There were quite a number—of reports and of coincidences.

Once Uncle Sam's Army starts moving—it can move with incredible speed. Their doubts now almost certainties, the brass in the rear areas swung into action.

Intelligence investigators were rushed to the front—and particularly the west-central sector. How they operated and what guises they assumed is something the Army likes to keep under its tin hat.

At any rate, the G-2 lads spread out and started asking questions and making notes and adding things up. They discovered that the Chinese seemed to have advance knowledge of troop movements, of changes in units holding sections of the line, of weak spots along the MLR.

The first remedial move called for the strictest security discipline in radio and telephone communications. Nothing would be discussed that could conceivably give the enemy eavesdroppers any information.

It was tried—but it didn't stop the Reds. They still appeared able to outguess the UN troops.

It might have gone on like that indefinitely—if an intelligence officer hadn't been traveling up the Main Supply Route leading north from Yonchon one evening.

The officer was riding in a jeep. It was dusk, and the vehicle had gone past the 105-batteries and the rear trains of the line battalions. The jeep was now up almost to the front—at least, almost to

the rifle battalion CP. It was about then that another jeep, traveling fast and headed south, passed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" the G-2 man grunted. "I wonder what the hell a woman is doing up this far?"

He'd caught a glimpse of an attractive blonde—dressed in some kind of uniform—seated next to the driver. A nurse? Hardly. The nearest MASH hospital—where there were nurses—was at least 12 miles away. As far as visiting, females were not allowed to visit the front.

It was too late—and too dark—to read the unit numbers on the other jeep. Nor did it make much sense to turn around and follow it. The officer bit his lip—and made a mental note to ask around about the blonde.

He didn't get a chance that night, however. The battalion he'd come to visit was hit by a heavy Red attack—hit where it was weakest. Its outposts were pushed in, and the unit took heavy losses in the fighting that raged until dawn.

The G-2 officer got his chance about noon the following day.

"I meant to tell you," he said to the Battalion S-3 officer. "Saw a terrific blonde coming down the road the other night—a real pip."

"Yeah! She was a doll!" the other broke in. "She's a Red Cross girl—one of those Special Services babes. Came up from Seoul with a bunch of stationery and junk for the GI's. We'd been wondering when one of them would finally get around to us."

"Finally get around to seeing you?"

"Yeah. They made the rounds of all the other battalions in the last couple of weeks."

AND THERE, dizzy and improbable as it sounds, it was. The G-2 man figuratively grabbed his hat and beat it for home. He knew that "Red Cross" or "Special Service" girls weren't allowed on the line. He also knew that there had been no recent exceptions to the rule, certainly none that called for mass-distribution of goodies by the girls.

It's a funny thing about armies in the field—even American armies, and particularly American armies fighting in Oriental countries. . . .

All units observe security rules. Guards and sentries are posted. MP's patrol. Anyone who looks as though he's where he shouldn't be is stopped and questioned. But there weren't many white women in Korea. Those who were in the country were there on official business. They were nurses, Red Cross girls, Special Services girls who worked in base areas and rest camps—maybe a few were civil service secretaries to Air Force brass in Pusan or had come over with some relief organization.

Now you've got to read that over—and try to follow the line of reasoning as any frontline GI or officer would follow it. Remember that this was Korea—where all the women looked far, far different from the women back home. No soldier—no run-of-the-mill soldier, at any rate, would dream of questioning the *bonafides* of a svelte, stateside gal dressed in

a familiar uniform.

Hell, no, he wouldn't. Regardless of rank, he'd be so busy just staring, he thought that something was wrong would never enter his throbbing brain. Then, when the Jane started handing out Red Cross stationery, pencils, tooth-brushes—stuff with the stamp right on it . . .

Or, if she passed around packs of playing cards marked "Supplied by the Special Services Division, U. S. Army . . ."

So the girl started to talk and kid with the younger officers and the GI's. She gave them the latest gossip, speaking in straight-from-home slang.

"Any of you fellows from Nevada?" she'd ask. If there was, she'd ask his home town. If it was Reno, then she came from Las Vegas—or Tonopah—or she only asked because she had a sister there.

It was perfectly safe. The GI's would be so worked up over seeing a real, live dame so far forward, that she could have told them she came from Mars—and they'd simply nod and grin all over the place.

"We'd like to show you around ma'am," the soldiers bubbled. The girl was eager. It was a good day to be shown around. The Chinese hadn't fired a round all day—not a single round.

"Just call me Janice, fellows," she'd smile. And, Janice would borrow a pair of fatigues from someone—and go hiking up on the hill. The Old Man would probably show her the OP and S-3 bunker where all the maps were and explain what was going on.

If you're losing the thread—remember that this was Korea and Janice was a typical American girl in Red Cross or Special Services uniform. She had come up to the CP in a GI jeep. She had given out GI supplies. . . .

The first arrest was made a few nights later in the 45th Division sector. She was tall, blonde, statuesque, exceptionally pretty in a true-blue American way. She was wearing a Special Services uniform—and she'd just gotten through making a hiking tour of the line. The 45th Division's CIC men nabbed her as she was sitting down to have supper in a bunker with the officers of the battalion.

SHE DIDN'T talk—at first. Then she cracked wide open. *Ja-da*—it was true. She was a spy—for the Chinese Communists. No, she wasn't an American—had never been to the States in her life. Then what?

Her name was Edeltraub. She was an East German. She and several other women had been recruited by the Chinese Communists on a weird sort of human lend-lease arrangement that prevailed—and most probably still prevails—among the Iron Curtain countries.

Promised big pay—which she said she received without any hitches—Edeltraub was sent to school in Russia. She learned many things in her two years at the school. She learned flawless American English—from a onetime Chicago Communist who'd gone to Soviet Russia after the war and stayed there.

She also learned about the U. S. Army,

its organization and branches of the services. Her instructors taught her the basic facts of life insofar as military espionage was concerned—what to look for, what questions to ask, how to spot important details on an Ops map.

Trained, drilled, tested—Edeltraub and six of her fellow female spies were ready for work. They were flown to Peiping—there given the latest scoop and further briefings. Armed with beautifully forged orders—American Army orders—and the names and addresses of "contacts" in Seoul, Pusan, and elsewhere in South Korea, the girls were slipped behind U. S. lines.

Fishing junks brought them, one by one, landing them by night in deserted stretches of the long, uneven Korean coastline. They were met, eased in to U. S.-controlled towns and areas by easy stages.

Uniforms? Special Services supplies? These were easy to obtain. They were simply filched off the docks at Pusan or Inchon—just as tens of millions of dollars worth of supplies were stolen, to wind up in the South Korean black market.

The uniforms—and the forged orders—were more than enough to obtain transportation at any GI Motor Pool.

"I've got to get these things up to the 180th Infantry Regiment on the line,"

Edeltraub would plead. "Couldn't you do something to help me out, Sergeant?"

Risky? A little—but not very. Sergeants and lieutenants and even captains and majors all know how tough it is to get GI transportation from your own organization when you need it. They're also notorious for being willing and eager to help a dame in distress.

If—just if—there was any demand for an ID card, Edeltraub could produce one in an instant, so well forged that not even the Pentagon's experts would be able to spot the difference!

"Okay," the CIC men growled, their hands weary from taking notes. "But what was your mission—and how did you get the information to the Reds?"

The girls' mission was to find out the things they'd been taught to look for.

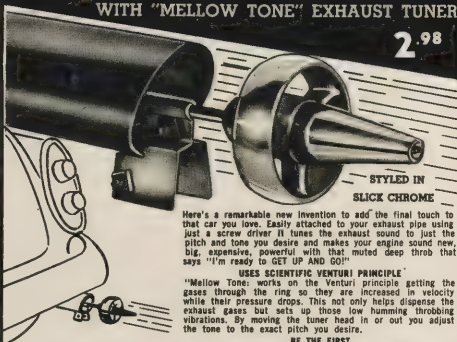
"See, there, where the ravine takes a bend to the right, that's where we leave a gap in the minefield for our own patrols to move through," a smiling corporal would tell the pretty "Red Cross Girl." She'd stand beside him in the CP and shake her blonde head innocently. Oh, sure. It was too, too much for her to understand. . . .

Line-crossers—Red sympathizers who slipped across No Man's Land at night—Commie agents in the South Korean fishing fleet, clandestine and highly mobile radios, these were the means used

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to pass the information to the Communists.

That's why the Reds hit in the right places at the right time. They knew exactly where they were going—thanks to Edeltraub and her little friends. God only knows how many American and UN soldiers died as a result!

Within hours after Edeltraub cracked, the other members of the Mata Hari spy-ring were located, rounded up and placed under arrest.

WHAT HAPPENED to the women, and why hasn't the story ever been released?

That's the damndest thing of all. The Communists had equipped the women with everything—even with iron-clad abilities!

The Reds had hit upon two foolproof

loopholes:

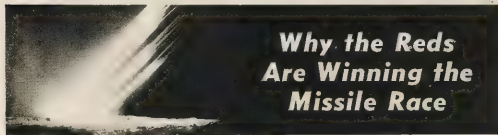
1. The women were not spying on the United States Army—or any other specific army. **THEY WERE SPYING ON THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES.** And, nowhere is there any statute, law, rule or regulation that governs, prohibits or provides punishment for espionage against a UN Force!

2. The "war" in Korea wasn't a war at all—but a police action. At least, it had never been officially designated as a war—and the Chinese, the women's employers—were not officially at war with anyone! True, Chinese Communist "volunteers" had felt so badly about the poor North Koreans that a few million of them decided to wade across the Yalu to give them a hand fighting all those nasty imperialists. But China? The Chi-

nese government was at peace with the whole goddam world—and try and prove otherwise!

Edeltraub and the others proved to be sizzling hot potatoes. No one knew what to do with them. And, what finally happened to them is a top, top, top secret, even today. Best guess is that they were sent to Japan—and then quietly repatriated through more or less diplomatic channels. The politicians took the matter out of the Army's hands—but fast.

You might write your Congressman a letter if you want to find out. He may be able to jolt the information loose. But don't expect to get an answer without a lot of noise. There's going to be a hell of a stink when this story appears in print, anyway. ▶▶



## Why the Reds Are Winning the Missile Race

(Continued from page 34)  
every villager knew about them. A bunch of real tough-looking strong guys. They came (so they said) to look for some stuff the Nazis had swiped from one of the museums in Paris during the war and which apparently had been placed into waterproof containers and sunk in the Altausse Lake. Nobody really believed that such a thing had been done—though there were stories back at the end of the war—but if these young men wanted to get wet, why not?

The "Frenchmen" had shown their identification documents to the local cops. Their papers and letters of authorization from occupation authorities looked O.K. The country cops nodded and smiled. Everybody was great friends. And nobody bothered to check with Salzburg.

The "Frenchmen" got real friendly with the villagers. One of them even left a local girl with something inside her to remember him by. Half the local population turned out to watch the friendly, athletic-looking strangers get into their fancy diving suits.

GI's on pass, fishing for trout in the lake, shouted encouragements. The cops nodded and smiled some more, and a good time was had by all for five days during which time the divers brought up 12 containers from the cold bottom of the lake.

On the morning of the sixth day, the trucks were gone. So were the divers and the crates. The village quickly settled back into its usual routine, but not for long. Because a couple of days later the American soldier and his girl found the body of that gentleman.

And oh yes, said the villager, the dead man did look—of course you couldn't be

sure with the mess his head was in—a little like somebody who'd been hanging around with those men from the French museum.

Investigators immediately called French authorities. Sure enough, nobody in Paris had ever heard of the "French" salvage expedition.

Quickly border guards were put on the alert: Stop all traffic at the zone lines. But the trucks and the crates were never seen again.

Chances are they were unloaded in Vienna, and the contents of the mysterious crates—now not so mysterious anymore—smuggled piecemeal into the Russian occupation zone.

There has been speculation in some quarters that the "Frenchmen" were Nazis, not Reds. But there's nothing to support that opinion. Why would the Nazis want missile plans at a time when they obviously couldn't do anything with them?

But shortly after this 1950 incident, the Russians got bolder and bolder, indicating that they had something up their sleeve. They increased their backing of the North Korean Reds, and they started talking tougher and tougher. And just recently, of course, it became apparent that our services, so far ahead of the Russians in 1950, are now suddenly lagging behind in the guided missile program.

It all adds up. Looks like the Russians inherited Hitler's underwater legacy—thanks to Gerwold Bechert.

This legacy included plans for implementations of death and destruction whose nature would tax the imagination. Yet these implements were real. They were developed by learned, dedicated Nazi eggheads most of whom, according to

Colonel Keck's objective testimony, "consistently manifested a distaste for the fantastic."

The gadgets may sound fantastic, but they aren't. In addition to the 6,000-mile guided missile, the Nazi brain boys had worked up engineering plans for the following:

A space station, equipped with huge reflector mirrors of metallic sodium, designed to concentrate the sun's scorching rays from an orbit at specific targets on the earth. The Germans had figured out that such a mirror could be assembled in stages and that its "heat bombs" would be powerful enough to "make oceans boil."

An anti-aircraft rocket that could tell a friendly plane from an enemy aircraft, seek out the latter and destroy it. (A similar device has now been developed by our own scientists, it was recently reported.)

A ballistic missile that could be fired into the air and directed at a target 1,800 miles away from a submarine under 300 feet of water.

A single-seater jet recon plane that could be launched from a submerged submarine, break through the surface (like the missile), then fly to its target at supersonic speed, returning to mother ship in the same manner.

Huge sound reflectors which would beam sound of high intensity at enemy troops, capable of driving them mad or completely paralyzing them.

A freeze bomb of unknown nature that would freeze people over a large area in an instant, thus ridding the area of its population without destroying its productive capacities—a handicap of all explosive devices.

Don't laugh. These weapons are not science fiction. Don't forget that just 15 years ago you would have laughed yourself silly over the idea of a rocket with a warhead powerful enough to pulverize New York City.

Big question: how many of these weapons did Gerwold Bechert place into Russian hands? How many are already in experimental stages—or worse, mass production?

Or did we just play dumb? I wouldn't know. ▶▶

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## Why I Fought For the Nazis

(Continued From page 11)

of the Third German Reich before the United States declared war on Germany.

My parents were Germans. They came to the United States as immigrants from Stettin in 1920. I was born the following year in New York City, in the section known as "Yorkville." I grew up there, in the heart of the German-American neighborhood. I went to American schools, of course—and I was an American.

But I learned the German language at home, and was instilled with the traditions and legends of the *Vaterland*. My father had served with distinction in the Kaiser's Army during the 1914-1918 War. Germany's defeat and the humiliating indignities of the Versailles Treaty were still fresh and rankled in his mind—and in the minds of our friends and neighbors.

To most of us—young and old—in Yorkville, our German heritage was a matter of fierce pride. It was hammered into the heads of the children by their parents.

The advent of Adolf Hitler was hailed by my parents—and by many German-Americans—as the rebirth of Greater Deutschland.

"He will rebuild the nation—and make *der Vaterland* rich and strong once more," my father told me. "Adolf Hitler is the savior of Germany."

I was one of the first American-born youngsters to join the Youth Group of the newly-organized German-American Bund. That was in 1935. By 1938, I was a full-fledged member of the Bund itself, and a cadet in the *Sturmabteilung*, the para-military arm of the Bund. We trained and drilled in New Jersey on weekends, and listened to the speeches given by such men as Fritz Kuhn, and others.

We were fired with enthusiasm for Nazism and for *der Fuhrer*, the man who ruled Germany and would soon rule Europe.

I eagerly jumped at the chance to go to Germany on a visit in 1939. The German government was providing American students and Bund members with the opportunity to do so practically free of charge. My parents readily gave their permission.

I found the Germany of 1939 filled with industrious people, a nation united behind Chancellor Hitler and determined to wipe out the disgrace and dishonor of 1918. The rest of the world sneered or cursed the Nazi Party—but to Germany and Germans, Hitler and Nazism were the only answers.

I was still in Germany when World War II began. I had long before identified myself with the Nazi cause. I could

see no course but to offer my services—to fight for the things in which I believed.

Writing my parents, I told them how I felt and asked their permission to enlist.

"Your blood is German," my father replied. "I am proud of you."

The *Waffen SS*—the SS units forming part of the German Armed Forces and used only on the fronts—was forming a special unit. It was to be made up of "*Volksdeutsch*" volunteers—Germans who came from other countries and could speak other languages. I reported to the recruiting office on Benderstrasse in Berlin—and was accepted.

The months that followed were spent in rigorous training. Our unit—designated the 83rd *Waffen SS* Battlegroup (Special Purpose)—missed the campaign in Poland. We were afraid the war would be over before we would see action. Then, when *Herr Hitler* ordered the attack against the Low Countries and France in May, 1940, we were sent to the front.

My own first contact with the enemy was on June 3, when, in the vanguard of the *Wehrmacht* force driving on Paris, we were counter-attacked by a French detachment. The action was ridiculous. My comrades and I could feel nothing but contempt for the *poilus*, the men who were making such a poor job of protecting their country.

FRANCE SURRENDERED soon after. We were garrisoned outside Paris for the next several months. Later, the French were to claim they "hated" the Germans. This is a lie—a dirty lie, like so many others the so-called Allies have spread. The people of Paris were only too willing to entertain us—especially the women. A German soldier, particularly a member of the SS, could have anything he wanted in Paris!

Decadent, cynical, willing to sell their souls or their bodies, the women of Paris bowed and scraped before us, the "hated" conquerors. As for the men, they had given up the fight and surrendered their country. Now they surrendered whatever self-respect they had.

They became black-marketeers and pimps. They were toadies who licked our boots. For us, it was a good life and a soft one. Then, in June, 1941, we received marching orders again—to the East, to Poland.

Our Battlegroup was part of the gigantic Army the *Fuhrer* massed for the invasion of Russia. We were part of General von Weichs's 2nd Army. At dawn, on June 22, the mighty juggernaut of the *Wehrmacht* began to roll, crushing all resistance before it.

Ahead of us flew the Stukas and Heinkels and Messerschmitts, blasting a path through the collapsing Russian resistance for our tanks and infantry.

"We'll be in Moscow by Christmas," we told each other. "Russia will fall like a rotten fruit."

And, had it not been for interference of the United States—Russia, Europe, the entire world would have been ours—Nazi Germany's!

Our early advances were swift and completely successful. The Red Army, ill-equipped, poorly-led, was no more of a match for our *blitzkrieg* than had been the Poles, Dutch, Belgians or French. Large numbers of the Reds surrendered—but we took no prisoners. The *Fuhrer* had given the order that they should be executed.

Eastward—forever eastward—we went, moving across the endless, dreary Russian plains. Hundreds of miles stretched out behind us. It was about then that I received a letter from my parents. My American citizenship had been revoked, and my father was under constant surveillance in New York—as a "potential subversive."

"Don't worry about that, George," my friends told me. "When we're through with Russia, England will be next—then America. We'll get your citizenship back—if you want it."

I didn't want it, not then and not later, in December, when the United States declared war on Germany. No. I'd chosen my side—and I was too closely tied to all things German. I told my superiors as much.

"Under the circumstances, the *Fuhrer* authorizes the *Wehrmacht* and *Waffen SS* to honorably discharge any American citizen within their ranks," my commander stated. "We can release you, Schneider, if you wish. You'll be sent to any neutral country of your choice."

"I prefer to stay, *Herr Hauptsturmfuhrer*," I replied. "I am a German—first and last!"

A few days later, I was promoted to *unteroffizier* rank. We had fallen back, as a result of the heavy counter-attack launched by Soviet Marshall Zhukov. We'd been having trouble in the last weeks—there wasn't enough winter clothing, and the temperature had dropped alarmingly. The Russian winter had set in.

"Hitler has made a terrible mistake," one of our men, a Dane, remarked. "We will lose the war."

I checked his records. He was a Danish Nazi of German descent. I reported the matter to the company commander. The Dane was tried in the ruined farmhouse that served as our command post and shot.

We managed to contain most of the Red attacks. I was wounded during the fighting in February and returned to Berlin on a short leave after spending more than two months in the hospital.

THE SPIRIT of the German civilians in Berlin was high. All trusted implicitly in the *Fuhrer*. There were no doubts about ultimate victory. Our allies, the Japanese, were moving ahead as rapidly in the Pacific as we had in Europe.

I enjoyed my leave. I reported to Gestapo headquarters. I did this in order to send a letter to my parents in America. The Gestapo would see that it was posted from a neutral country.

I returned to the front. It was fairly quiet. The 83rd Battlegroup stood on the fighting line south of Moscow. There were many new faces—Red assaults had taken a heavy toll of officers and men.

It was in November, during a particularly fierce Red attack, that I led my platoon against a section of Russian tanks and succeeded in wiping them all out with grenades and *panzerfausts*.

The surviving members of the crews tried to clamber out of the hatches of the wrecked vehicles. We would have taken them prisoners, for our Group needed information, but one of the Reds pulled a pistol from under his clothing and shot at us.

My men acted without waiting for word from me. More than a dozen of the Russians paid for the treachery of the one with their lives. We left the bodies where they lay, hoping that it would serve as a lesson to the other Reds in the sector.

We were falling back, withdrawing to shorten the defense line. Thus, it was several weeks before my medal could be presented to me—the Iron Cross First Class, which I had been awarded for the action against the tanks. It was presented to me and several others of my regiment by Herr Hitler himself—a rare honor.

With it came something I prized even more—a certificate of German citizenship signed by Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler personally. Now, my last bridges to the United States had been destroyed. I was German in fact as well as in thought and spirit.

I received my second wound in mid-1943. It was far more serious than the first. I spent nearly five months in one hospital or another. Once again, I was given convalescent leave to Berlin. I was horrified by what I saw there. The British and Americans had bombed the capital mercilessly. Their raids had wrecked and gutted entire city blocks.

I could imagine what would happen when the *Luftwaffe* retaliated. London—in fact most of England—would be in ruins. I said nothing of what I had seen, though, when I returned to the front. I was once again horrified when I saw how far back our forces had fallen.

"It's pretty bad up here," Kurt Seitz, one of my best friends muttered when I'd reported in. "We're short of men, of ammunition, of everything, in fact."

DESPITE THE retreats and the reverses, the *Wehrmacht* and the *Waffen SS* never faltered in their loyalty to the Führer or to Germany. We continued to fight—through the months of 1944 that brought calamities on both fronts. The Allies landed in France. Units were shifted from the Russian front and sent to the West. Men returning from leave or hospitals told of the awful suffering of the people in Germany, of the round-the-clock bombings by American and RAF squadrons.

We had hopes that the promised secret

weapons would adjust the balance in our favor. There was much talk of rocket planes and bombs—of weapons far more deadly than anything known to that time.

Even while we fought—and hoped—the weight of the material and supplies America was sending to Russia worked against us. The Reds had new guns, mountains of ammunition—and always more of everything than we had. Our gunners could only fire one round to every ten the Russians sent over.

We fell back, ever back. My platoon wasted away. There were only 18 men, then only 12, finally, shortly after New Year's of 1945, there were only eight of us. I begged for reinforcements. There were none.

Despite it all, we took a heavy toll of the Reds. We slaughtered them as they advanced. We destroyed whatever we left behind. Prisoner of War camps were emptied of inmates. Those who could walk were sent westward under guard. Those who could not, were liquidated.

We dared not leave any to return to the Red Army and fight against us again.

By mid-March, we knew that all was lost. We were fighting with our backs to Berlin—those pitifully few of us who were left. I commanded the company—all the other officers had been killed. Company? It consisted of 38 tired, gaunt men!

The end came in May—but five of my men and I were able to elude the Russians and reach the British Zone, where we surrendered to a Canadian unit.

It was easy to fool the Canadians. They were idiots. I told them that I was a native German, but that I had learned English in school and on visits to America. They believed me—and gave me a job as an interpreter.

It was good while it lasted—but in 1947 some of the occupation officers started going through records and began asking questions. It was time for me to pack up and leave—for Switzerland and then Spain. By 1955, Germany was independent once more, and I could—and did—return.

Yes, I fought for Hitler. I believed in the Nazi Party. I still believe in it, and I would fight for Hitler again. Adolf Hitler's great dream of a Germany triumphant in Europe is the dream of all true Germans. Had it not been for the conspiracy between the Bolsheviks, Jews and the American and British capitalists, Germany would have won the war. Germany should have won the war.

German victory would have established peace and order throughout the world. Communism would have been smashed. Britain and the United States would have lost their economic domination of the two hemispheres.

The *Vaterland* will have another chance, of that I am certain. And, when the day of reckoning comes, I will again fight for the things in which I believe.

"Morgen die ganze welt!" Adolf Hitler promised us. "Tomorrow the world!"

That tomorrow may yet dawn for us. ▶▶

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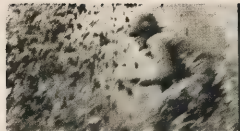
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## Week We Almost Lost The War

(Continued from page 27)

Master Sergeants, three other NCO's, the men who drove our vehicles—and myself. Our instructions were simple—to keep up with a tank-infantry spearhead, keep our eyes open and make frequent reports by radio.

The attack began on March 25. It was a huge operation—a coordinated assault by the entire First and Ninth Armies. The objective? Nothing less than complete encirclement of the Ruhr, the biggest pincers movement of the war.

My team's "convoy"—two jeeps, a half-track and a radio truck—rolled at dawn. We joined up with a VII Corps armored infantry outfit that was bolstered up by a sizeable force of tanks about an hour later.

German resistance began developing early in the attack. The Krauts were still full of *Herr Hitler's* sheepdip about protecting the "sacred soil" of the German Reich. The bastards recovered from the shock-effect of the massive air raids and showed they were full of fight, as well.

It was a slugging match. The tanks hit the enemy defenses and drew the

fire. Then the infantry shoved ahead. We were assaulting only the Kraut outposts, so we always "won" in the beginning. The Germans were only fighting a delaying action. The big trouble would come later, when we hit their main line.

The advance rolled forward slowly, and, although there was heavy artillery fire from the German positions, the massive barrages we'd feared failed to materialize.

The reasons became obvious as we lanced deeper into the enemy's territory. Smashed artillery weapons, limbers and prime movers lined the roads and dotted the fields. The twisted, gutted heaps of metal bore mute testimony to the pinpoint accuracy of the bombers that had hammered at the Ruhr.

M/Sgt. Joe Raney rode with me in the lead jeep. Joe and I had served together in the 29th Division—I as a rifle company commander, he as my top-kick—before I was promoted and booted up stairs to Army G-2. I'd managed to bring him along when I was transferred.

"Looks like the *Feldmarschall's* dreams of glory are all *kaput*," Joe ob-

served drily.

I said nothing, being a pessimistic bastard at heart. I wasn't too sure that the Krauts wouldn't pull some final surprise out of their battered hat.

We went through the first day with no casualties—save for a single fragment gash in the fender of one jeep. Otherwise, we had it easy.

I reported in by radio during the day—and started the next morning's operations off long before dawn by calling in. I was still chewing the fat when Raney came after me. The task force commander had received some startling orders.

"We're moving out—at top speed!" Joe rasped.

"Yeah? Where we going?"

"To Paderborn. . . ."

Five minutes later, Army called through to me—and I understood everything. Field Marshal Model wasn't quite finished. Although his Big Plan to smother us with flank guns had soured, he had saved an ace. What guns he'd managed to salvage were now grouped—together with the last reserves of German tanks—in Paderborn.

PADERBORN, the great *panzer* training center for the German Army, lay more than 60 miles to the east—60 miles farther on, and every foot that much deeper in hostile territory!

It was an ideal place for the Nazis to establish a bastion. The vast spread of hills and forests had been made familiar to nearly every Kraut tank or artillery officer during his training period.

Paderborn was like a backstop for the Ruhr—and the new German tactics were obvious. The Ruhr sector would become a huge, hedgehog pocket. Our forces would sweep around it on both sides—and, carried forward by the impetus of the drive, our troops would slam smack into the "wall of steel" waiting at Paderborn.

Now, it was up to the 1st Infantry and 3rd Armored Divisions to race straight for Paderborn—going like the proverbial bats out of hell to smear the Nazis before even that gimmick could be organized by the Germans.

It was a wild, insane operation. We had to stay with the assault column—and it was straight out of the movies.

We literally shot our way through the Kraut defenses. The turret guns in the tanks blasted right and left as we barreled eastward.

I told Joe Raney to drive the jeep—and let the kid PFC, who'd been at the wheel ride in back. Joe clamped a cigar in his teeth—and shoved his heavy foot on the gas. The jeep jounced and jolted in the wake of the tanks. Our half-track was right on our tail, the ring-mounted caliber-50 coughing out streams of tracers every time the gunner spotted anything that even faintly looked Kraut.

The Nazis didn't know what to make of it, I guess. This was a situation that wasn't in the instruction books. To cut a long story short, we covered the 62 miles to Paderborn in one day—and arrived to find what seemed like the entire Nazi Army was shooting at us!

Paderborn bristled with cannon of



every caliber, with tanks, self-propelled assault guns, rocket launchers. The task force didn't hesitate. We bored in.

It was as if the earth itself had exploded. Hundreds of gun muzzles belched tons of shrieking high explosive at us. Tanks drove forward—only to disappear in fountains of smoke and flame when Kraut salvos caught them.

"Jesus!" I groaned. "We can't last long..."

But we did. We lasted through the bloody carnage of the next 48 hours. We fired and fought and additional elements of the Big Red One and the 3rd Armored caught up with the scrap.

Squadrons of P-51's and P-47's swept down out of the sun. Their 500 and 1,000-pound bombs ripped the Germans to shreds. Napalm, rockets, wing-mounted cannon and machine guns added to the slaughter.

Nazi tanks—Mark V's and VI's Tigers, Panthers, even the gargantuan Ferdinands—lumbered forward to meet our Sherman head-on. The more maneuverable American M-4's spun and twisted, whipping around to bring fire to bear on the rears of the cumbersome enemy armored vehicles.

I tried to maintain contact with Army, but it soon proved useless. Bursting 88's blew away our whip antennas. Fragments howled through the air, and punched through the steel sides of our vehicles. One of the lieutenants in our team

was killed by a shell. Then two of the NCO's were wounded. Raney caught a splinter in the arm.

I rounded up a medic for our casualties and set off in search of a radio that was still operating. I found it in a tank that went into action within seconds after I'd established contact.

Night failed to decrease the fury of the fighting. The enemy evidently assumed that we were the bulk of the attacking armies—and threw everything they had at us.

MY INTELLIGENCE team wound up fighting as infantry shortly after dawn. We had to take our places in the line and beat off the suicidal assaults of companies of *Volksgründers*. Raney refused to be evacuated and worked a BAR he'd picked up someplace.

The battle raged on until April 1st—when, at last, the Krauts folded and Paderborn, now a dreary expanse of shell-holes heaving with the stench of death and burning vehicles and bodies—was in American hands.

It was only then that we saw how lucky we had been. The majority of the German artillery had not yet been set up and sited. Our race against time was the only thing that carried the battle. Had the task forces arrived a few days—or perhaps, even hours—later, the Krauts would have been ready.

"You came much sooner than we expected," a badly wounded *Wehrmacht* officer admitted. "It was a surprise. In my own section, there were yet 12 of the 88's that had not yet been brought into position."

With Paderborn taken, the fate of the Ruhr was sealed. The region became the Ruhr Pocket—the amazing trap in which the First, Ninth—and somewhat later, the Third—U. S. Armies bottled nearly half a million Nazi soldiers.

More time was needed to reduce the Ruhr Pocket, but the outcome was a foregone conclusion. Nearly 450,000 Kraut officers and enlisted men were captured—and Germany's last remaining industrial region was rubble.

The war had less than a month to run. Adolf Hitler could start singing his swan song.

That much everyone knows. What no one can tell is what would have happened if Field Marshall Walter Model had been able to carry out his plan. Herr Model himself can't give any information. He stuck a Luger into his own mouth and blew his brains all over the ceiling of his command post when the GI's had broken the last resistance of his troops in the Ruhr.

Me? I wouldn't even want to guess. It was bad enough the way it was. Speculation about what might have been is wasted effort. I just thank God that we cracked the Hell Secret of the Ruhr in time—and let it go at that. >>

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## Shack-Up Heroes Of Bambang City

(Continued from page 18)

called the Blue Moon. Jeez, I bet there ain't one of 'em a day older'n 18. Two of 'em's sisters, name of Lulu and Lina. They're the best, but they're all four the real goods, man. Clean as a whistle, and they'll put on parties and all if you treat 'em right."

Skeeter's eyes were bulging, and I admit I was beginning to lick my lips, myself. "How much they cost?" Skeeter asked. His voice was hoarse, and I'll be damned if he wasn't gripping his M-1 so tight that his knuckles showed white.

"Lookit him," I cracked. "All worked up like a bantam rooster. You ain't gonna get no closer to them broads than you are right now. So you simmer down before it ain't safe to be in the same fox hole with you."

"How much they cost?" Skeeter persisted.

"A blanket or a box of rations will get you one of the Pasig dames," the corporal said.

"No, the other ones," Skeeter said. "From that Bambang place. With the parties."

The corporal grinned. "Coupla blankets. If you want a party, though, better bring along enough rations for a big feed. Them dames are expensive stuff."

I squinted at the sun and checked my watch. "All right, let's knock off the bull and start back. When the war's over we'll have a crack at Bambang, Skeeter."

"Say, corporal," my Georgia pal said to the guy who'd been talking to us, "if we wanted to find this here Bambang place at night, how'd we do it?"

The corporal thought a minute. "You can't do it, Reb," he said. "We go over during the day. Too many loose Japs around that area at night. If they don't get ya, you'd get knocked over sure by one of our own sentries."

"I know," Skeeter said, "but supposin' we went lookin' for it. Just supposin'." How'd we know when we got there?"

"It's a tough haul. 'Bout the best way would be to follow the river here to Pasig. You know you're there because three rivers come together there. After that, Jeez, I don't know what to tell you. It's pretty rough country south of the river. The only way you could get to Bambang for sure would be to follow the river south all the way down. Bambang is right at the junction of the river and a little stream that comes in from the northeast."

Skeeter nodded. "We'll find it," he said.

I looked at him. Skeeter was a great combat soldier. A hot shot with a rifle. But when it came to finding places—well, Skeeter couldn't find his own behind with both hands. So I said to him, on the

way back, "Skeeter, how come you're so smart all of a sudden? How come you get lost every time you go out to squat, and now you're gonna find this place in the dark, if you live to walk that far?"

Skeeter shrugged his bony shoulders. "I ain't figured it out, yet. But we're goin' over there tonight, sure as shootin'."

"We!" I said. "You crazy bastard, you think I'm going to get my head shot off for one lousy piece of tail? If you go to Bambang, you go yourself."

That's what I said, but I knew damn well I'd never let Skeeter wander off by himself. He wouldn't get 10 yards before he'd get potted or lost.

It was just getting dark when I turned in my patrol report at the CP, then Skeeter and me sat down and tore open a box of rations. Since we'd been on patrol that afternoon, we were off until the next morning at least, and chances are we wouldn't get a patrol job two days in a row. Neither of us said anything, but we knew we were both thinking the same thing—nobody would even ask for us until tomorrow, unless there was a big raid or something, and there didn't seem to be much likelihood of that.

Just before buttoning down time I wandered over to where the QM's had stacked a pile of ration cases. I'd been swiping fruit off pushcarts since I was six, and stuff off department store counters since I was ten, so this was going to be a cinch.

"Keep an itchy trigger finger tonight," I said to one of the GI's dug in near the pile. "Them Japs out in the brush must be getting pretty hungry by now."

The guy grunted. "They can take all of this garbage they want," he said.

I gave him an extra hearty laugh and casually stuck a box of rations under each arm. "Yeah, well, it's still better than the fish heads and rice these Flips eat, ain't it?"

The guy spit. "You said it, Sarge."

Walking back to where Skeeter waited, I began sweating like a pig. Suppose some nosy officer should suddenly ask me where the hell I was going with two boxes of rations at this time of day? My fatigues were soaked by the time I walked the hundred feet or so where Skeeter was. He looked around and gave me a slow nod, and I shoved the two boxes along the ground into some heavy brush near our fox hole.

We were ready for Bambang. At about 2200 hours we took off, following the line of the Pasig River southeast. I figured to cross the river at the town of Pasig, because from our patrols I knew what was on our side of it, at least as far as Guadalupe, and from talking to neighboring patrols, I had a

pretty good idea of what cooked as far as Pasig. After that, it would be . . . well, praise the Lord and pass the sentries.

We made pretty good time up to Guadalupe. I simply followed the line of the old single track railroad that used to run along the river. The line ran out past a sugar refinery about half a mile before Guadalupe bridge. The spur continued on the other side of the bridge, but the problem was, we had to cross the width of Highway 54 to get there, and there was sure to be an outpost covering the road and the bridge.

"We better cross that goddam road further up," I whispered to Skeeter. "Move up about a hundred yards away from the bridge. I'll crawl over first. Wait a couple minutes and then crawl over after me. And for chrissakes keep your tail down going across."

We killed the better part of a half hour getting across the highway, but I wasn't taking any more chances than I had to. On the other side I angled right back for the river. "There's a whole battalion dug in along the railroad along here," I said to Skeeter, "just like we are on the other side of the highway. Our best bet is to slide down the embankment at the river and go right along the edge all the rest of the way."

We'd gotten about a half mile when I heard the voice.

"Ssst! Hey, Joel!" It was a sibilant whisper, coming from the brush halfway up the embankment on our left.

I hit the dirt on my belly and stuck my M-1 out in front of me. Skeeter was down behind me.

"Ssst! Joel!" The voice came again. My finger tightened on the trigger. It was a Jap trick if I ever heard one.

"Me Filipino boy, Joe. Don't shoot!"

I didn't answer. If it was a Flip, he'd come out of the brush without my answering. If he wasn't . . .

He came out, his hands held high, a kid maybe 16 years old. He was grinning from ear to ear. "You go to Pasig?" he said.

I looked over at Skeeter, then back to the kid. "Who are you, and what the hell are you doing wandering around here at night? You want to get your tail shot off?"

"Nobody shoot Juan," he said. "Me guide boy. Take plenty Joes to Pasig. Plenty nice girls there."

"Yeah?" I said. "How's about taking us to Bambang?"

The smile left the kid's face. He shook his head. "No good place, Bambang. Plenty bad nighttime. Plenty Jap boys there."

I had three packs of butts I'd brought along to help make the deal with the Blue Moon babes. Now I pulled two of them out and showed them to the kid. "How about it, Juan? Take us to Bambang?"

The kid's eyes grew round. Two packs of American butts would buy him plenty. He licked his lips with the temptation. But I could see he was plenty scared of Bambang, too, and it was beginning to make me nervous.

Finally the kid shook his head. "I take you Santa Ana," he said. "Not far to Bambang, there. Maybe, 15 minutes. (He

pronounced it "pirteen.") I show you road. Okay?"

I nodded. "You're the boss, Juan." I gave him the butts and he led us off.

It was a cinch from there on in. The kid had eyes like a cat and he had our positions taped in his head. We crossed the river in a little flatboat he had stashed away in some weeds, skirted the Ft. McKinley area, and crossed the Tagig River on a little footbridge at Santa Ana. There, the kid left us.

"This road go to Bambang," he said, pointing south along a pretty fair hunk of highway. "Be plenty careful, Joe. Jay boys down there."

Skeeter took one side of the road, I took the other. We walked in a half crouch, slowly, along the brush at the sides, a ration box under the left arm, M-1 held in the right hand, finger near the trigger.

We didn't run into a thing.

In about 20 minutes we came to a cluster of *nipa* huts. Then there were a few clapboard shacks and a couple of houses that looked as though they were made of stucco. I motioned Skeeter to wait while I poked around, looking for the Blue Moon. There wasn't a sound in the town. Not a dog in the streets. It was creepy as hell.

I found it near the river, at the western end of the town. It was a straw and wood shack, set low on stilts, with a sloped roof like a *nipa* hut. Over the front a big wooden sign had been hand painted, "Blue Moon Cafe." The place was dark.

I went back and got Skeeter. Together we cased the shack from the outside. It was a pretty fair sized joint. In the front there were rectangular openings that served as windows, but the back had shuttered windows, and I figured these were the bedrooms. No light shows through any chinks, however. Finally I shrugged and hopped up on the narrow porch that ran along the front of the shack. I poked my head in a window and let out a "Ssst" of my own.

I didn't hear a thing, but all of a sudden I felt something sharp sticking into my ribs.

"Who you?" a soft voice asked.

I didn't turn my head. "GI," I said.

A face came close to mine and looked me over closely. Out of the corner of my eye she looked pretty good, but I was afraid if I made a sudden move with my head she'd let that thing she had pressed into my ribs slide right into my gut.

"You come yourself?" the voice whispered. The accent was slightly Spanish. "Friend outside," I said.

"You MP?"

I grinned in the darkness. "Hate MP," I said. "We have food. Cigarettes."

At that remark I heard a giggling from inside the shack. I felt a tingling along my spine. My heart began to thump in my chest. That giggling was the sexiest thing I'd heard in—God, when *was* the last time?

The knife went away from my ribs. "You come in," the voice said.

I hissed for Skeeter and he joined me at the window. Then a door opened at the left and we slipped into the Blue

Moon Cafe.

It's hard to describe that night Skeeter and me spent at the Blue Moon. It was nearly 14 years ago, but I still get the shivers when I think about it. What those four girls didn't know about how to treat a guy just hasn't been thought of yet. And yet none of them could have been a day over 18, if they were even that old.

The girl with the knife turned out to be named Lulu, one of the sisters. She led me and Skeeter into the back, into a big room, one with the shuttered windows. She lit a lamp of some kind, kerosene I guess.

The room surprised me. I expected a couple of old GI mattresses on the floor, but there were beds, three of them, and all the rest of the things you'd expect to find in a bedroom. The other three girls were there—and they were a surprise, too. Lulu introduced us to her younger sister, Lina, and Rosie, and, of all things, Sally.

They were all terrific, none of that gold-toothed stuff that tried to drag us into the cellars while we were fighting in Manila. Their hair was black and soft and wavy and long; their skin was smooth looking, the color a kind of soft light brown and olive. They wore no makeup and they didn't need any.

I could hear Skeeter breathing hard beside me. "Johnny, don't forget about the party," he whispered hoarsely.

Party! I stared at the girls, young and fresh looking, and couldn't believe—but I should have known better. (Continued)

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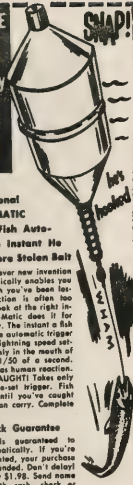
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Lulu did the bargaining for the girls. She wanted more than the rations. I figured as much, but held out for a while until I produced three packs of butts from Skeeter, and the one pack I had left after paying off the guide, Juan. The butts made the deal for us.

As I said, it's a tough night to describe. The girls produced a couple of bottles of Jap *saki* to get things warmed up, and the show started. Skeeter and I sat and stared, bug-eyed. The *saki* and what I was watching made my temples pound. In the dim light from the kerosene lamp the whole thing seemed unreal, like a crazy dream, and the writhing shadows on the walls added to the eeriness.

After a while Lulu came over to me and took my head in her hands. Her fingers were soft and warm on my face. She bent over and kissed me. A shiver went through me, right down to my toes. I reached for her and she laughed in her throat...

I must have fallen asleep, finally. What woke me was a tickling in my ear. I groaned and opened my eyes, and, suddenly remembering Lulu, shook my head to clear the thoughts. I reached out with my hand and touched the silkiness of her hair, let my fingers slide along the soft waves to her shoulder and along her back. "Lulu, baby," I whispered. She giggled. I turned over and looked at her. It wasn't Lulu. It was Lina, her kid sister.

That's the kind of night it was.

I dozed off again. As I closed my eyes, the last thing I remember hearing was Skeeter's voice, chuckling, "Hot damn, Rosie! Let a man alone a minute!..."

When I opened my eyes again gray light was filtering through the shutters. I sat up fast. It was dawn. The first patrols would be out. I wasn't worried too much about wandering into one of ours; most of them were led by non-coms like myself. But I wanted to get back to our area before we were missed.

I swung out of bed and shook Skeeter awake. The girls were all up, attacking the rations. Three of them were there, anyway. Sally was missing. I didn't give it much thought. Skeeter and I dressed and were giving the girls a farewell kiss when Sally walked in. Her face was pale. Her eyes were scared.

"Jap boys come," she said.

I raced into the front room and sneaked a look out the window opening. I didn't see a thing. Sally was behind me.

"They come along river," she said. She held up seven fingers. "Seb-en come. Old man see them. He told me. Also, he told me one GI with them. Hurt very bad. Two Jap boys carry him."

A GI with them! That didn't make sense. Japs weren't in the habit of carrying wounded GIs with them, and certainly not Japs who were obviously stragglers in our territory. Unless... Unless, I figured, one of those Japs was an officer with some brains, who thought that if he was boxed in by our guys, he could use the wounded GI as a bargaining factor to get out with his skin whole.

"What're we gonna do, Johnny?" It was Skeeter at my side.

I cursed to myself. "Do? What the hell you think we're gonna do? We're gonna knock over the bastards and get that GI back."

Just like that, I said it, but it was really one bitch of a hole we were in. Aside from the fact there were seven of them and two of us, we were in no position to get drawn into a long fight. If the noise brought officer-led GIs into the area, or if we were wounded, we'd be up the creek but good.

No, if we were going to pull this one off, it would have to be done quick, and as quietly as possible.

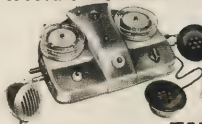
Sure, I know what you're thinking. Why didn't we just send the girls to alert the nearest U. S. position, and hightail it back to our perimeter? I'll tell you why. A couple of times I'd come across the bodies of GIs who'd been captured by Japs. It's a lousy way to die. I couldn't let it happen to this poor bastard, not if I thought I could help it.

I looked at Sally, and I thought I saw how I could.

The girls didn't like my idea one bit, but I told them I'd have the MPs close them up if they didn't cooperate. Maybe it sounds lousy of me, after the night before, but that was past history, now. The war was on again, all of a sudden.

I sent Rosie out to find the Japs, and stuck Sally in the front doorway, where the Japs would be able to see how the dawn light sifted right through the flimsy dressing gown thing she was wearing. Then me and Skeeter and the two sisters

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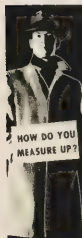
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went into the room in the back.

We sweated out 10 minutes until we heard Rosie's voice out front, talking to the Japs. There was an officer there, all right, because Rosie was talking Tagalog, which is the Filipino's native language. An ordinary Jap GI wouldn't know more than half a dozen words in that jaw breaking language.

Now we had to hope Rosie could convince the Japs to come in two at a time, while the rest waited outside to watch for Americans or guerrillas. I put the rest of my plan into the works. Lina and Lulu stripped and stood against the far wall, right opposite the door. Skeeter and me fixed bayonets and stood on either side of the doorway. The way I figured it, the two Japs would walk into the room and the first thing they'd spot was the two girls, and they'd be so goddam hypnotized by the sight, that it would be the last thing they'd ever see.

I had to laugh to myself, at that. If you're going to die, that's not a bad final vision to die with. I stole a look at the girls, who stood, calmly now, naked as jaybirds against the wall.

The clump of boots in the front room jerked me alert. I nodded across to Skeeter. Just the way I'd hoped, the two Japs came scrambling through the doorway and made right for the girls. Hell, I'd have done the same, myself. We let them get two steps into the room and gave them the bayonet with everything we had, right in the back. They grunted and fell forward. We didn't wait. To make sure they made no more noise, we jabbed them again, this time in the throat. It was messy as hell, but it was no time for niceties.

The only thing I didn't like was the blood on the floor. If the next two Japs spotted it, and I didn't see how they could miss it, that would be all she wrote for me and Skeeter. Finally we rolled the dead Japs into a corner and I had Lina throw a mattress over the blood. Then I told her to lie down on the mattress, as bait for the next pair of Japs. She looked at me like she could have slit my throat gladly, but I just grinned.

After a minute, more boots. Those Japs must have been pretty stupid or hot under the collar or both, to send two more suckers in before the first two came out. But that's what I'd been counting on. I could hear their steps quicken as they spotted Lina through the open doorway, lying on her back on the mattress. They died a couple of happy Japs.

There were three left outside now, including the officer, and I knew damn well that in about 10 seconds they'd know they'd been tricked. I worked fast, opened the shutters on the window and jumped outside. I was in back of the shack now. I belled down and began crawling under the floor toward the front. The shack was set on its stilts about a foot and a half off the ground. I took off my helmet and wormed through. It stank like hell under there. Filipino plumbing was a hole in the floor, in shacks like these. What the hell, I'd crawled through worse.

As I got close to the front of the shack, I noticed how quiet it had gotten. The Japs were wise all right. I could

see their legs, wrapped in filthy puttees, as they stood in front of the shack. Then one pair of legs separated from the group and began walking to the left around the corner of the building.

I squirmed around and made for the side. I let the legs get past me, then belled forward till my head was just inside the outer edge of the floor. The Jap was walking in a crouch, his back toward me. I stuck the front end of my M-1 outside and hoped Skeeter was ready upstairs. Then I squeezed the trigger.

The blam of the shot was deafening in those cramped quarters, but I thought I heard Skeeter banging away upstairs. My Jap slammed into the ground on his face. I squirmed forward fast, got to my feet and raced around the corner of the shack, ready to blast away. But Skeeter was already outside, looking down at the last two Japs, whom he'd gunned from one of the windows.

One of them was a Jap officer, all right, but more important, so was the American. He was a first loie, and he was unconscious and bleeding badly. I yelled for Rosie and told her to run for the nearest GI's and get a medic. I broke open my aid kit, meanwhile, and patched up the guy's wound, a mean one in the upper thigh. I tourniquetted it with my bayonet, called Lina over and gave her my watch.

"In 15 minutes," I told her, "loosen this bayonet. Let him bleed a little bit. Then tighten again, very hard. When GI's come, you show them what time you made it tight, understand?"

She nodded. "I know how," she said. "You and your friend, very brave GI's." I grinned at her, "Yeah, in your hat," I said. Then I grabbed Skeeter's arm. "Let's take off like a big bird, Skeeter, this place is gonna be swarming with GI's in a couple of minutes."

He looked at me and wrinkled his nose. "Man, do you stink!" he said. "You're no bed of roses yourself," I said. He reeked of *saki* and sex and cheap perfume, and I suppose I would have too, if that other stuff hadn't smelled stronger.

The girls got the old man who'd first spotted the Japs to paddle us across the Tagig. On the other side, we jumped into the river with our clothes on to get rid of some of the stink, and headed for home. Near Paris a security patrol ran into us. A buck sarge was leading it.

"My buddy here began chasing a Jap during the night and got lost," I said, after I'd told him our outfit. "I went out after him."

The sarge grinned. "Ain't that amazing," he said. "You guys are sure in luck. We're heading for Guadalupe, ourselves. Care to join us?"

It was three days later, back on the line, that Skeeter got his, and I almost got mine. A Jap mortar plopped in on us as we were moving up. I got a sliver in my arm, but Skeeter was ripped in the gut.

I crawled over to him and he looked at me, his face pasty white, and he tried to grin.

"That was some party we had, eh, Johnny?" he said.

Yeah, some party. ▶▶

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## They Ate My Buddies' Flesh

(Continued from page 13)

sent a couple of guys out to wade up to their chests in the swamp water, and if they got out of sight without being sniped at, the rest of the squad moved up. At that, the Japs had a game where they let the scouts go by, then crossfired the rest of the squad as it went past.

Yeah, that was Guinea. It was Hide and Seek, and we were it.

The morning we went on patrol, when all this happened, we were working a line along the Saputa-Sanapanda trail. There were no fixed lines around here. I mean, you couldn't say, up to that palm tree with the big slice chewed out is our perimeter, after that it's Jap land. We were fighting on a checker board, and if you think that's crazy, you're goddam right. But that's the way it was.

The area was a series of trails, crisscrossing, and every time there was a crossing, somebody had a roadblock up. The only one you knew for sure was yours was the one you were holed up in at the moment, and sometimes you weren't too sure about that, either. But farther up the trail a hundred yards or so was another roadblock. Whose? You'd never know until you poked your head in sight and got shot at, and again, even then it might be one of your guys or a Digger from the 7th with an itchy finger. And you couldn't blame them for it, either, because yours was just as itchy. No. Itchier.

And even funnier was the fact that you might run up on a Jap roadblock, take it, and find that the next one was an Aussie, the next one Jap, and the next one yours. I'm not sure of my statistics, but I think more combat fatigue came out of Guinea than anywhere else in the war. And you can see why.

BY THE time of this patrol the Japs were in pretty bad shape. We had them pretty thinned out. The Navy and Fly Boy guys had prevented any reinforcements from landing. No enemy supplies were getting through at all. The bastards were getting hungry and every GI corpse they could get was stripped of the last crumb of rations.

Soon the Japs were down to eating bugs and grass, and the very few prisoners we did take were so starved they were too weak to commit hara-kiri. They weren't getting any help from the natives either. The Guinea natives were Moros, I think, and though they were headhunters in the old days, they were pretty quiet now, and we got along with them fine. But the Japs weren't smart enough to treat them right. We found more than one native woman staked out on the ground, raped by who knows how many Japs, before they slit her open up the

middle with a sword.

There were no pretty pictures on Guinea. And they got uglier, day by day.

It was hot and sticky when the seven of us shoved off that morning. It had rained the night before. This was the dry season on Guinea, which meant that it only rained most of the time, instead of all the time. Strictly speaking, we were on recon, the seven of us.

"I know it sounds ridiculous," the lieutenant had said to us, "but try to keep out of trouble. The seven of you aren't going to accomplish a hell of a lot fighting it out against a roadblock, but we would like to know what's doing up there. So go and come back."

Go and come back. Easier said than done. A lot easier. Nobody wanted to keep out of trouble more than we did. But how to keep it out when you couldn't see it coming?

We weren't gone more than 10 minutes when we came across the bodies. Two Jap, four Aussie. We'd seen enough corpses before, but these made us gasp with horror. They all stripped naked, Jap and Aussie both, and long slices of flesh had been cut off their bodies, like meat off a cow, or a deer.

We'd heard stories that the Japs had gone so hungry crazy that they'd started eating the flesh of their own and our dead, but who could believe it? As terrible as everything else was in that stinking jungle, that was something you just couldn't believe. Not and stay sane, anyway.

But the truth was in front of us. There was no mistaking the reason for those long slices along those corpses. They weren't battle wounds. They were the marks of butchering. The war was on just a little over a year, and human beings already were reduced to the status of game animals.

I poked up my guts. We all did. I feel like puking now as I recall what those corpses looked like, bloated and butchered and stinking from rot, covered with big green flies that sucked at the wounds and crawled into the mouths and the nose and the ears and every opening in the body they could find.

WE MOVED on. I stopped as soon as we were away from the smell of it, and we took a few swallows of water to wash down the gall that choked our throats. I think the seven of us at that moment just wanted to lie down on the ground and cry and not get up again until the war was over. But we avoided looking at each other and moved deeper into the jungle.

Another 10 minutes. It was quiet as a tomb in there. The rustle of a palm leaf had you spinning around ready to blast

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away; the drop of a coconut on the ground behind you had your heart pounding in your ears.

We walked three steps. We stopped. Listened. Strained our eyes trying to penetrate that green wall. We couldn't see a goddam thing. But suddenly we knew they were there. All around us. We could feel them, smell them, I don't know how we knew they were there, but we knew.

I was point man, and I waved at the guys to melt into the brush and freeze. I dropped prone behind a coconut log and looked up and around at the tops of the palms. I had to fight down the panic. I felt like screaming out at the top of my voice, "Come on out, you Jap bastards, come on out and fight like a man!" Anything to break that quiet.

Harrigan snaked through the brush to my side. He was No. 2 man on the patrol. "See anything, Sarge?" he whispered.

I kept my voice tight. "Yeah, give me a stick, I'll kill it."

He grinned at me. A sicker grin I never saw in my life.

"What say we shag tail outta here?" he said.

"I'd love it," I said. "But what are we gonna report? We're supposed to find something. We're here, we might as well find it. Besides, you think those sniping bastards are gonna let us get back without a fight?"

Harrigan opened his mouth to answer, but it never came out. I heard the sharp "choo!" of the shot and a sound like a belch came from Harrigan. I rolled over a couple of times into a pile of dead palm fronds and looked back. Harrigan lay twitching, thrashing around like a fish out of water. Then the sound of the thrashing stopped. Harrigan lay still. The jungle grew quiet again.

I DECIDED it was time to get off the pot. It was crazy, but I was crazy, too. I was goddamned if I was going to lay there like a turd on a rock until I got picked off. I jumped up and started spraying the palms with my Thompson. I squeezed off a couple of good bursts, dived into the dirt, rolled over and came up shoot- ing again.

A Jap came tumbling out of a palm. Then some of them started opening up on me, which was what I was after. The rest of my guys started spraying the trees, too, and in a minute we had a hot one going.

"Back! Back!" I screamed above the noise. "Move back, keep in sight, and keep shooting!"

We jumped around like frogs, from bush to bush, log to log, shooting as we leaped, covering each other as we moved back. There were screaming Japs all around us; we'd just had the bitchy luck to run into a whole potfull right in the middle of nowhere. We could see brief glimpses of them as they dodged around us, and we were knocking them over right and left, too.

Then Jimenez got his. I saw him drop. Then Francino. That left four of us. Suddenly the bastards threw a rain of grenades at us. The jungle exploded all around. I felt a sledge hammer bang into

my leg and slam me to the ground. I crawled away, crawled and crawled in a blind panic with the picture of those butchered carcasses in my brain. Then the lights went out.

It was the screaming that brought me around. It was so sharp it pierced the black fog that held me, numb with pain and shock. It was a scream that started low in a man's throat and rose to a shrill jagged edge that grated along my spine and shook me into consciousness.

"No, no, oh God, oh, no, don't do it to him, no, God..."

This was another voice, a babbling, sobbing voice, choked with terror and horror and revulsion.

I started to crawl toward the sounds, and noticed that my left leg was numb. I looked down. From knee to toes it was a mess of blood and rags. It was bleeding freely, but not spurting. Just the same, I used my bayonet and a strip from my pants leg to tie a fairly tight tourniquet up on my thigh. When I crawled again I did it on my right side, keeping the left leg from trailing along the ground as much as I could. It was rough, but I didn't have far to go.

The Japs didn't know how many of us there were to begin with, which is why I figured they didn't find me. I was only about 25 yards from where the whole thing had happened.

The screaming started again, and this time the other voice was screaming, too. But not in pain, the second voice. It was cursing and shouting obscenities and crying and finally broke into a hysterical, incoherent gurgle.

I inched forward into a thick clump of *kunai* grass, crawling as close as I could to the sounds. Then I saw them. There were eight of them, Japs, filthy and bearded and skinny, gathered in a tight semicircle in a little patch of clearing.

TIED TO a coconut palm in front of them was Linton, a kid from my patrol. His face was a bloody smear, the fatigues all but torn from his body. He was slumped against the tree, his head hanging limply, and from his mouth was coming meaningless sounds. Laughter, sobs, curses... and more laughter. He must have been out of his mind.

And I saw why. The Japs were hovering over the body of another man. I couldn't see his face. But I could tell from his boots and his fatigues that he was a GI. Another guy from the patrol. It had to be Frankel or Pomerantz. They were the only two I hadn't accounted for. Whoever it was, he was better off dead. If he wasn't already.

The Japs were squatting or standing around him. And they were eating the flesh right off his body. That's the only way I can say it. I can't make it sound any better. That's what they were doing. Eating the flesh right off the poor bastard's body.

That was the screaming. They hadn't waited to kill him, first. Dead men rot too fast in the jungle, and you have to fight off the flies and the bugs. No, there were two of them working the guy over with their swords, right in front of my

eyes that I wished were blind then and couldn't see it. The blood ran from the body like from a freshly slaughtered calf, and the bastards held up the pieces of meat as they sliced it and let the blood drip off before they stuffed chunks of it into their gaping jaws.

I wished I was like Linton, out of my head, so I could be spared the sight. What made it even worse was that I couldn't do a thing about it. Not a goddam thing. I was crippled. I couldn't stand. I didn't have my Thompson any more. All I had was a knife. It wouldn't get me far on one leg against eight Japs.

Then I wished I had the guts to use the knife to kill myself. Because then the Japs began to work on Linton. One of them walked over to him with that big Jap sword the officers carried, and like Linton was a hide of beef he calmly raised the sword and hacked off an arm. Linton shrieked once, quick. Then he shut up for good.

I was beyond reason by now. I drew the knife and in my madness intended to crawl into the clearing and get myself killed. Anything was better than lying there doing nothing. I got maybe three feet before I was overwhelmed by pain and nausea, and, mercifully, I passed out again.

They told me back at the hospital at Rockhampton, when I came out of it, that they had to tie me down to keep me from running around the room, and every time the sedatives wore off I started laughing and screaming like a madman. Hell, I was a madman.

I found out later that the noise of the shooting match we'd had and the fact that none of us got back prompted battalion to send out a recon in force after us. They wiped out the Japs, and found me in the grass the next morning.

My leg was okay in a month or so, but it was six months before I was fit to go back on the line. At that, they tried to railroad me into a desk job, but I beat the rap. They were hurting for experienced non-coms, too, so they let me go back to a line company. They transferred me to the 24th Division, which was good enough for me.

I was only 28 years old then, but a lot of the guys in the 24th used to ask me what the hell an old timer like me was doing in the army. I didn't really look that old. It was the hair that fooled them. Not many guys of 28 had gray hair, I guess. ▶▶

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*... and these words  
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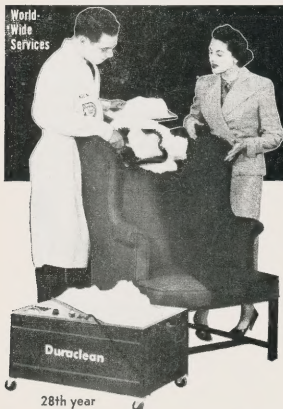
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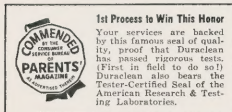
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